**Careful Hand, Delicate Mind**

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# Careful Hand, Delicate Mind

by femmesteve

Summary

Will is closer to his monster than ever before.

Notes

Welcome back. Or, maybe you should read Safety Net first. I promise you won't understand anything if you don't, darling.
Like last time, this chapter is the only short one there will be. Just something to start, and much awaited I think. I am sorry for any mistakes that I made while editing.
I can't promise an update schedule this time, because there is much to write, however I will try my damndest to update weekly.

See the end of the work for more notes

# Baby's Breath

*Everlasting love, pureness and innocence.*

Doctor Hannibal Lecter sat in his silent office, blessedly alone until his next client would arrive to interrupt. He cradled his face in his hand thoughtfully, using the other to navigate on the screen of his iPad. He had been snared, like many others that afternoon, by the latest blazing headline courtesy of Tattle Crime. Tattle Crime was a renowned blog ran by Freddie Lounds, who had dedicated herself to meddling for the sake of her readers.

***"VIRGINIA TEEN MAKES VIOLENT ATTACK ON PSYCHIATRIST"***

Alongside the title was one of Will's school pictures, blown up and faded slightly behind the large words. Doctor Lecter spent several moments looking just at the picture, finding solace in the carefree grin on Will's face. What a terrible picture to choose for this type of article, he mused to himself. His Will was a rogue angel indeed, and he found himself doubting that any menacing pictures even existed of the boy.

*Will Graham, aged 16, had been attending frequent psychiatric sessions with Doctor Frederick Chilton long before the brutal events that took place yesterday afternoon. Graham had first pierced Doctor Chilton in the neck with his own pen, missing his carotid by inches in the process. Presumably not satisfied, Graham then proceeded to stab Chilton in the chest with a letter opener, bringing the man to his knees after forcefully removing the instrument. Paramedics found both parties on the ground upon arrival and immediately-*

Doctor Lecter stopped reading then, bored. He exited the Tattle Crime website and pulled up his email instead, where he had saved all that was sent by Will. Re-reading them all carefully, and with renewed interest, the man couldn't help the twinge of pride that he felt. If he had kept Will for a bit longer, taken advantage of his trusting state.. The man shifted, pursing his lips in thought. He had not thrown away the opportunity without reason.

A responsibility had come with keeping Will alive past his due. By indulging the boy in such intimate contact, Will had begun to forget his place quickly. Recalling the memories, a familiar uncomfortable feeling coiled in his stomach.

*"I've begun to think you've grown attached.."* Will had purred, fingers inching up the marks that *he* had made on the man.

Doctor Lecter had been reluctant to toss the boy out as quick as he did, but what else could have been done? What Will said had been partially true, however, attached was not the word that came to mind. *Sentimental.* Yes, that. He had begun to lose his desire to kill Will. The urge to take his life had ebbed instead into the urge to possess his life. Returning to his home every afternoon and finding his obedient Will waiting. Turned away from the world and relying solely on him to provide.

Fantasies such as these had startled him, and immediately his decision to place Will back into the world was made. A gift. Take back this delicious mind that I have stolen and think of it as

a gift. A gift, indeed, thought the doctor as he deleted all of his emails from the boy. A part of him had ignored the messages because he was curious as to what the boy would actually do. He had known him to be impulsive, of course. A much larger part, however, ignored them because it was right. Not that he had ever listened to his conscience much before.

Doctor Lecter turned the device off after he peeked at the time. He cleared his throat and then stood to go to the door, prepared to greet his next patient.

Nearly a month after reading about Will in Tattle Crime, Doctor Lecter was contacted via email by an old associate. Doctor Alana Bloom had messaged him concerning an unofficial patient of hers. The patient had been battling schizophrenia for what she believed could have been months before he was admitted into the Baltimore psychiatric unit.

*"Will is currently joining me and one of my official patients for what they have taken to calling "joined sessions". They get along well, but I'm worried about him. He sometimes experiences violent hallucinations, and it scares my legal patient, whom might I just add, is supposed to be under my protection during these times. I've seen what you're capable of doing and I believe that you will be able to help him."*

It was not news to Doctor Lecter that Will was in the unit, however it did surprise him that the boy did not have an official therapist yet. Considering why he had been placed there in the first place, of course. Doctor Lecter weighed his options and ended up seriously considering refusal just for the sake of keeping the distance. In the end, his reply to Doctor Bloom was  an acceptance. In his email he expressed his interest in treating the boy, as well as thanked the woman for considering him for such a "delicate situation".

After several more polite emails were exchanged between the two, arrangements were made for Doctor Lecter to make an appearance at the unit. He would be meeting Will Graham all over again.

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*Presently*

Will was seated on one of the few steel benches placed inside of the enclosed grounds. He was bundled up comfortably for the nippy weather, his scarf bunching over his mouth as he stared at his shoes. Two days had passed since he had laid eyes (and hands) on Doctor Lecter again. He had spent plenty of time convincing himself that the interaction had been real, and not some cruel fantasy.

"Will, there you are."

Will looked up to find Doctor Bloom looming over him. Her cheeks were pink from the cold, and Will felt sorry that she had to go out to look for him. He stood then, and followed the woman back into the building. He was barely listening as he was scolded for leaving without telling someone, wishing that he were back in the open air instead. Will loosened his scarf with cold fingers,

"Do you think it's too cold to have our session outside?" Will pondered out loud.

"That's up to you and Doctor Lecter." Doctor Bloom said.

"What time is it?" Will spoke again, nervous now that he had been reminded of his appointment.

"Almost one o'clock," Doctor Bloom responded, and she left Will's door open when she left.

Will tore his scarf off, but left his coat on as he laid down on the bed. The sound of shoes on the hard hospital floor thudded in his ears, making him want to clasp his hands over them. Where was his monster? His brain had been eerily quiet for several hours and he had began to miss the presence.

"Will?"

"Where did you- oh." Will blinked into the entranceway, where a curious Doctor Lecter stood. The man held his folded gloves in one hand.

"Expecting someone else?" Doctor Lecter asked.

"My stagman is missing," Will replied. He looked a dismal thing, laying on the bed with his coat and boots on.

"Shall we talk about your stagman?"

"No," Will stood before Doctor Lecter could even come near a chair, "Let's go outside."

It was frigid, but Will loved it. A sense of peace seemed to surround the frost covered buds. He spent several moments staring at the remnants of the overturned Goldenrod plants, now in a makeshift plastic container until a new pot would be available. He was broken from his stupor when a hand touched his shoulder, reminding him of the other presence. Will chewed on his lower lip, working the chapped flesh between his teeth until he was ready to talk,

"Did you bring any books?" Will asked.

"Not today, I'm  afraid," Doctor Lecter guided Will away from the dead flowers with the same light hand, sitting him down on the bench from earlier, "I thought traditional therapy would suit today's conditions. It's quite cold." His tone was teasing.

"I hate it inside." Will muttered.

"Do you feel isolated?" Doctor Lecter asked. He watched Will shrug.

"Do you?"

"This isn't my session, Will." The man pressed.

After several moments of stubborn silence, Doctor Lecter tried again, "Tell me about this 'stagman'."

Will tensed. As if summoned, the stagman appeared beside Doctor Lecter, mimicking his cool expression. The boy felt his lips twitch, before tearing his eyes away from them both. Persistent, the stagman kneeled in front of Will. Frustrated, he swiped at the image.

Doctor Lecter observed the boy with interested eyes, and it became very clear to him that the 'stagman' was a hallucination.

"Do you see him now, Will?" Doctor Lecter watched Will begin to shake his head no, before hesitating and turning to face the man.

"I always see him," Will struggled to raise his voice to an audible volume. He didn't want the stagman to hear, but Will knew that he had. It made his heart leap.

"Could you describe him to me?" Doctor Lecter asked.

"He looks like you. But he's.." Will tilted his head slightly, studying the invisible image that kneeled, eye level before him, "He has antlers."

The boy swallowed, flushing. He couldn't bring himself to look at the real Doctor Lecter's face. He felt both sets of amber eyes on him. Studying him. He shifted.

The doctor licked his lip. He shifted his eyes to the space in front of Will, as though he expected to see a deer man as well,

"When did you first start seeing it?" He posed his question carefully.

"After the church. After.."

"Yes," Doctor Lecter stopped him, making a mental note.

Will resisted the urge to reach out and grab the stagman by his rack, wanting to shake him ragged. He imagined what his flailing limbs would look like to the man, and smiled.

"Are you feeling neglected?" Doctor Lecter broke him from his thoughts again, "I've been told that your parents don't visit often." He added.

"I'm not lonely," Will cut his eyes at the man, accusingly.

"Of course not," Doctor Lecter mused, "You have your 'stagman'." His tone was amused, but it sounded cruel to Will, as he knew that it would.

"Don't-," Will hesitated, balling his hands into fists in his lap, "I want to hit you." He confessed.

"You won't," Came the quick response, and Will flinched violently when Doctor Lecter took his cold hands into his covered ones, "I would be so cross, that I might never bring you any books."

The man's voice was teasing, but not like just moments ago, when it was laced with that mean natured comment. It was light, and the small smile that passed his lips when he spoke urged a jest. Will stared at the doctor's mouth, allowing his hands to be warmed for a moment. The boy lifted his eyes tentatively, and the hurt was now gone from them.

"I want to show Abigail *"The Egyptian Guide to Cannibalism."* Will said.

"Do you?" Doctor Lecter's smile twitched, and then fell. Will held onto his hands so that he could not take them back.

"Her father tried to slit her throat," Will's eyes brightened, and he squeezed the gloved hands in his grasp, "Do you recall the Minnesota Shrike?" He asked in earnest.

"I do." Doctor Lecter nodded once.

"That was *him,*" Will continued.

Doctor Lecter knew this already. Anyone who was curious enough to indulge Freddie Lounds knew this, but it was amazing to the man how fascinated Will seemed. He listened to the boy speak keenly about the shrike for what seemed like several minutes. Will had followed the story on his laptop until it met it's violent end, with Garret Jacob Hobbs shot dead by the police. That had been many months ago, however.

"When I was first submitted, I didn't even think that Abigail could possibly be Abigail *Hobbs,* but it's not as exciting. She looks like she will cry anytime I try to talk to her about the-"

"Will," Doctor Lecter was sorry to interrupt, "This is your session." He repeated his earlier words.

Will frowned, his shoulders sinking again. He had been happy to talk about someone other than himself, and ecstatic for the someone to be of his interest. Doctor Lecter could have kissed the pout right off of the boy's lips. He had been watching the emotions play across the boy's face since their session had started, delighted by every rise he had gotten.

Doctor Lecter pulled his hands free from the boy's grasp, lifting the sleeve of his coat to reveal a watch. Will took a peek at it aswell. Will's teeth had begun to chatter, and a knowing look was exchanged as both pairs lifted from the watch.

Will wrung his hands together as Doctor Lecter walked him back to his room. Shivers wracked his body, but he still resented the building's walls. Will grabbed the bottom of Doctor Lecter's coat, sucking his lower lip when he heard the man sigh.

"Wednesday, Will?" Doctor Lecter asked, and he smiled at the timid nod he got in response, "Good."

"Goodbye, Doctor Lecter."

"Goodbye, Will."

Will sat down on his bed, and was immediately joined by the stagman. He laughed. In his strange, echoing voice, he laughed at Will.

# Tansy

Chapter Notes

I love Beverly. Keep that in mind.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Hostile thoughts*

Will had not wanted any part of the world until Wednesday. He waited patiently in his room with his coat and boots on, hoping that Doctor Lecter would bring books this time. He left the door to his room open, but he sat on the bed just out of the way of the opening. He did not want people to look at him. There was no reason for them to see him yet.

The boy was on his feet the moment he laid eyes on the doctor, who startled briefly. Will bit the inside of his mouth to try and mask his enthusiasm, unaware that his bright eyes gave him away. Doctor Lecter smiled, happy to see that Will already had his winter things on.

"Good, you're ready," The doctor pointed out, sidestepping the door in gesture for Will to exit, "I've already checked you out."

"Are we going somewhere?" Will asked, turning his head back to look at the man.

"You said that you hated it in here." Doctor Lecter recalled.

Will's eyebrows came together, and he was surprised that the man had remembered. He didn't acknowledge anyone that they passed, focused only on the hand that rested on his back. It was set high enough to be an almost fatherly gesture. Almost. Will recognized Doctor Lecter's car immediately upon seeing it.

*"It's rude to stare at people, Winston."*

Will's lips twitched at the memory. He buckled himself in with shaking fingers, feeling his head spin with every breath of the familiar leathery smell. The car was cranked, and soft music began to play from the radio, warm air rushing at him. He was the most comfortable that he had been in the last four months. In a cannibal's vehicle.

"Will I be your lunch today, doctor?" The boy asked, traces of malice in his tone.

"What if I said yes?" Doctor Lecter turned a brief look onto him.

Will shrugged, because he knew that he wasn't. His doctor was a smart man. With this in mind, Will watched Doctor Lecter openly as the man drove. He found he didn't care that staring was rude.

Will tried not to be phased by the familiar house. He got out of the car fairly quick, telling himself that it was because he was cold and not excited to return to the man's home. He wondered if his book still sat on top of the guest bed. No words were exchanged, and Will knocked the snow off of his boots without being asked to. He plopped down on the floor beside the door to take them off, sitting them neatly against the wall.

"I have a gift for you, Will." Doctor Lecter called to him.

Intrigued, Will shrugged out of his coat at a faster pace. He eased around corners until he found the man, who had been waiting patiently for him at the cellar door. Will observed him wearily as he approached, then paused when Doctor Lecter gestured him forward. The man smiled at that, clearly amused by the clever act. He nodded curtly and entered first, leaving the door hanging open.

Will inched down the stairs, his eyes trying to adjust to the harshly lit space. It smelled damp, but clean. Doctor Lecter continued to smile at him, and Will began to wonder if he was pleased with himself. He was about to comment smartly on the man's behavior, but clamped his mouth shut at the sight before him. An unconscious girl slept peacefully in a chair, to which her each limb was strapped with leather bonds. Will faltered on the last step, watching as the girl's head rolled to the side.

Will felt his gut twist as realization slapped him in the face. He knew this girl, she went to his school. Will felt bile rise in his throat, unable to bring his eyes away from her to look at Doctor Lecter. He didn't have to, however, because the man stepped into his line of vision. He held an uncapped bottle to the girl's nostrils for a moment, then closed it when her eyes began to flutter.

"Why do you.." Will closed his eyes and lips, swallowing hard.

"For you," Doctor Lecter's voice was close to his ear, and he grabbed the hand that Will shot out to him.

Will began to breathe hard, shaking his head as the girl's eyes found him. Pretty almonds widened, confusion and alarm placed in them instantly. Her hands flexed, and then a panicked cry left her lips as she found she couldn't move. Her black hair was sweaty, and it clung to her neck and face in places.

"I don't want- I know her, you gotta-" Will swallowed again, "NO." He called to the stagman, who had begun to circle the trapped girl. He lifted his elegant head to blink at Will, and then wrapped long fingers around her chin. *Look here, Will..*

"Look, Will," Doctor Lecter repeated the stagman's words, his own fingers wrapped around the boy's chin.

Will tried to jerk his head down, feeling cold metal being pressed into his hand. The man's grip held him in place, forcing his eyes on the girl before him. Will felt the blade dig into his palm, but he gripped it tighter still.

"What do you see?" The words were spoken against his neck.

*"Beverly Katz,"* Will hissed in response, "A kind girl who goes to my school. A nice person that you have in your fucking cellar," He whined at the press of teeth, and tried to drop the knife. It was pressed hard into his hand again.

"Kill her," Doctor Lecter said, pressing a kiss to Will's warm cheek, "It will be quick. If you cut her here," He dragged a blunt fingernail across Will's throat, and blue eyes closed at the sensation.

"Like Abigail?" Will sounded choked.

"Like Abigail." Doctor Lecter repeated.

"WILL." A familiar voice shrieked, a frightened thing.

Will jerked at the sound, and shook his head hard, his vision beginning to blur slightly, "I can't do it." He whimpered.

"You will do this," Doctor Lecter released him save for a guiding hand, bringing him closer to Beverly.

"I can't," Will blinked away tears, beginning to tremble. He felt blood slide down his ring finger where the knife was cutting into him.

"Will, don't listen-"

"Do be quiet, please," Doctor Lecter touched Will's face gently, "He's trying to think." He looked pointedly at the girl.

Will looked at the knife in his hand for a moment, blinking at his distorted reflection, "You do it," He spat, and then yelped as the knife was snatched from him, grazing deeper in the process.

A thin spray of blood hit Will's cheek as the knife cut through Beverly. His hand was bleeding profusely now, but he paid no mind to the dull throb. He gaped at the dying girl, jumping when the knife hit the concrete floor. Blood leaked freely from her neck, and for a moment she was Abigail Hobbs. Abigail's eyes stared at Will in horror of what had just happened, her chest jerking.

"I've cut both of her carotids," Doctor Lecter explained, bringing Will back to reality, "There, see." He spoke from behind, holding Will's shoulders in a hard grip. Will nodded, feeling numb as he watched Beverly die.

Doctor Lecter reached for Will's hand, observing the cut, "I'm very disappointed, Will." He confessed.

"I'm sorry." Will whispered.

Doctor Lecter hummed, but said nothing. He lead Will back up the stairs with a hand on his wrist, tugging when the boy turned to look at the girl. His heart continued to pound, and he could feel his pulse in his palm.

"Doctor Lecter- my hand.." Will watched as a drop of blood hit the clean floor. He held onto his own wrist.

"You wouldn't have cut yourself had you done as I said." The man chided, and Will thought that he was being very unfair.

"That was a terrible thing- don't- *please*, don't ever try to make me do that again." Will babbled.

Doctor Lecter turned the kitchen sink on, listening, but silent as he held the boy's wound under the running water. There was blood on his hands and clothes, and he frowned. He would have to throw them out. The man watched Will flex his hand under the stream for a moment, and then turned the water off.

"Keep over the sink," Doctor Lecter instructed, kneeling to retrieve a roll of gauze beneath the sink.

Doctor Lecter bonded Will's hand tightly, so that the bleeding would cease. How messy, he thought with a grinace. All this trouble..

"You haven't the faintest idea, sweet Will." Doctor Lecter tutted with a sigh. He took a wet dish towel to the boy's cheek, wiping the blood away. He took the same towel to his own hands.

Will drew himself to the other, cradling his hurt hand and pressing his head to the man's chest. A silent apology. He sighed when a hand found his hair, feeling the curled tendrils with careful fingers.

"I thought it would have been good for you to experience a controlled kill. With my supervision." Doctor Lecter spoke to him softly.

"You're awful," Will complained. He let go of his hand and grabbed fistfuls of Doctor Lecter's shirt, anchoring himself, "You're a terrible therapist." He mumbled.

Doctor Lecter grabbed Will's face, handling him so that he could look at him properly. Will didn't return the gaze, choosing to stare past him instead.

"How do you feel?" Doctor Lecter asked.

Will's face twitched, and he slowly brought his eyes to meet Doctor Lecter's. The weight of the question hung in the air, and the man was very patient with the silence.

"Hungry." Will finally said.

A small smile turned up the man's lips, and he patted Will's face softly, "Excellent. I was hoping to make us lunch." He said.

"Can I go and read?" Will asked. He had missed Lecter's seemingly endless amount of books.

"Of course, but if you won't give me your company now, you will later. When we clean up the cellar." Doctor Lecter replied.

Will paused, swallowing thickly. He then nodded quickly, before scampering to the study. His thumping heart stilled when he reached the quiet room, happy to be alone for the time being. He was distracted by the books for a short while, mostly looking and never opening them. He glanced to the desk, just to remember it.. Oh.

Will put the book that he had back into it's proper spot, his attention snagged by the tablet on the desk. He sat himself down in Doctor Lecter's big chair, and brought the iPad to life. It wasn't password protected. Will had no intentions of snooping, but he was so very curious about all that happened while he was without his laptop. It didn't take him long to pull up one of his beloved hidden sights, delighted to see all of the new photos. That could have been him, he thought with an odd twinge of jealousy. He spent several moments studying the photo of the dead girl. She was laid in a bed, her shiny hair braided over the ripped flesh of her shoulder. Her chest was gaping open.

"And what are you doing?" Doctor Lecter appeared in the doorway. Will jumped, but didn't move.

"Catching up," The boy explained, scrolling onto the next photo.

"I won't permit you to read about yourself in TattleCrime," Doctor Lecter warned, moving behind the desk.

"I'm not.." Came the soft response. Will lifted his eyes to find Doctor Lecter at his side, his eyes studying the screen in interest. Will began to suck on his lower lip.

Doctor Lecter seemed almost amused by the images, or at least, by Will's interest in them. He grabbed the fingers that rested against the tablet's screen, lifted the cold hand to his lips. Will felt a warm blush begin around his collar and ears. He shifted in the chair and offered his hurt hand to the man, turning his palm up for the wound to be kissed. Will smiled, pleased when Doctor Lecter kissed him there too, and then again. His lips moved from the gauze, brushing over the soft flesh under Will's wrist, and inhaling sharply.

Doctor Lecter's lips parted over the warm skin, unable to keep from licking the fine veins that decorated the boy's wrist. Good veins, a phlebotomist's dream. Will's eyes had glazed over, and he had unknowingly moved closer. Doctor Lecter curled his own hand around Will's arm, pulling him gently from the chair.

"Come, let's eat." Doctor Lecter insisted.

Lunch was a complex looking chili, and it reminded Will that it would soon be warm outside again. He mentioned it to Doctor Lecter, and was immediately trapped in a conversation

about Spring flowers for the entire meal. When Will had finished, he asked politely to be excused. He was, although wearily. Will smiled sweetly at the man and set his dish beside the sink as instructed, before slipping into the cellar. He moved quickly down the stairs, blood roaring in his ears with each step.

There, plainly dead, was Beverly. The girl sat glassy eyed and with her every limb slack. Will felt sorry for her. He carefully undid her bonds, and then picked her up as though she were his tragic bride, carrying her up the stairs. Will was not strong, but Beverly was not heavy either. He listened to the tell-tale sounds of the dishes being washed, and creeped across the halls to the guestroom.

Will laid her on the bed, drawing the covers up to her neck so that her wound was hidden. He closed the door when he left, and glued his eyes to the floor on his way back to his host to make sure no blood had fallen. Doctor Lecter smiled at him when he appeared in the doorway. The man was gently toweling their bowls.

"Where on Earth did you take that dead girl?" The man questioned, setting the bowls carefully in the drainer.

Will pressed himself against the wall, swallowing hard. He looked at the ceiling, tapping gently on his own arm and willing his heart to slow down.

"She's.. resting." Will whispered.

Will closed his eyes as Doctor Lecter approached him, opening them only at the soft touch of fingers on his hand.

"Show me." The doctor said.

Will nodded, numb as he took the hand offered to him. He lead Doctor Lecter straight to her, inching the guestroom door open slowly. He felt the man beside him stiffen, and he moved away before the grip on his hand could tighten. The boy crawled into bed beside the girl, laying down at her side. He touched her pallid face, and then her hair. He thought about the girl he had seen on the hidden site.

"Will, stop that." Doctor Lecter urged, still rigid in the doorway.

Will didn't look up, simply tightened his hand around a handful of Beverly's hair. He wished that he could braid. He heard Doctor Lecter approach the bed, his footsteps heavy and quick. Will shrieked as his ankles were grabbed and he was dragged down the bed, leaving him at the edge to blink up at an irritated Doctor Lecter.

"Can you braid?" Will asked, trying to keep his voice steady. He failed.

"I can," Doctor Lecter responded curtly, "These sheets require hand washing." He pressed.

Will ignored the last comment, stubborn in his decision to lay the girl here, "Will you teach me? She has such pretty hair." He raised his arms.

Doctor Lecter pulled him up by his wrists, the annoyance gone from his face, "You are the most curious thing." He mused.

Will dismissed the thought, crawling back up to Beverly, "Hurry, she'll be a statue soon."

"You mean rigor mortis." Doctor Lecter pointed out, a look of intense adoration in his eyes as he joined Will on the bed.

Will lifted Beverly's body and gathered her hair in one hand, sitting behind her so that she leaned on his chest. She smelled of rust and sweat. Doctor Lecter drew up close to the two, and proceeded to indulge the boy, going so far as to braid the dead girl's hair four different ways. Will knotted her hair several times before he gave up. He felt along her body and felt a sensation of dread at her quickly tightening muscles.

"Doctor Lecter." Will spoke, forlorn.

"Yes, well she's not a doll." Doctor Lecter reminded a bit coldly, taking her into his arms.

Will followed several steps behind the man as he took her back into the cellar. Will wanted to hold her again. He wondered why he had not cried. Why he was able to watch Doctor Lecter set Beverly down on the floor none too gently to free up his hands. Why he held the bleach for the man while they cleaned. Why he felt an odd rush of affection for the doctor as he watched him wash his hands again.

"What will you do with her?" Will asked quietly.

"I will bury her. After I take you back to the hospital." Doctor Lecter responded.

"I don't want to go back," Will touched the man's arm.

"You can't stay," Doctor Lecter said before Will could suggest it, taking the boy's hand in his own, "You cut yourself helping me cook." He provided, touching the wound softly. Will nodded.

"How can you understand me so well?" Will moved his hand along Doctor Lecter's forearm.

"I suppose sometimes I can't," Doctor Lecter looked to Beverly, "I thought it would excite you."

"To kill my friend?" Will questioned, incredulous.

"To kill with me," Doctor Lecter corrected, bringing his hand to caress the side of Will's face.

Will closed his eyes, leaning into the touch with a breathy moan. He could imagine it, he thought to his own horror. He could see himself carrying out precise instructions from the man, submitting to the blood lust like he had in Chilton's office. It had been the stagman crooning in his ear that time, sealing the therapist's fate with a single command. It would be Doctor Lecter, holding him back like a squirming dog, eager to scent the rabbit.

Will opened his eyes again to see Doctor Lecter studying him with a smile on his face. He knew, of course he did. Will licked his dry lips, swallowing his fear. He ached for what the man could give him. Will pulled the man's face down in earnest, pressing their lips together firmly. A gesture of acceptance, an indication of his desire to be whatever the man decided for him.  Doctor Lecter grabbed Will's hands almost too tight, parting his lips against the brusque kiss.

Will was quick to fall onto the other, feeling himself break apart at the contact. A pleasurable sigh escaped the boy at the scrape of teeth on his lower lip, and he arched away from Doctor Lecter's mouth just to feel the sting of the bite. Careful, he thought, they had to be careful. He wanted to be ripped into, tore apart like the photos on Lecter's tablet. Will curled his fingers tightly around the arms around his middle, feeling the man breathe hotly against his neck.

"Ruin me," Will demanded, and he delighted at the almost inhuman sound his partner emitted in response, "God, *yes,*" He hissed, digging his nails into the man's forearms.

Doctor Lecter's hands moved underneath Will's shirt, feeling the muscles in his back move as the boy writhed. He pressed the tip of his tongue to Will's flushed throat, flattening against the hollow and licking a fat stripe there. Will's head tipped back, giving him a beautiful view of the spit and sweat slicked skin. *God,* how he wanted this boy all to himself. He felt jealous that Alana and Abigail had kept Will for so long. How ungrateful it was of them to pass him off.

Doctor Lecter gripped Will's clothed hardness with a firm hand, posessive and with clear intentions. He wanted to spread Will out on the dirty floor and stretch him with nothing but spit. He would put Will on his stomach and hold his head up so that he looked Beverly in her lifeless eyes as he came. The thought made the man groan, and he flattened his hand so that Will could rut into his palm.

"You're being cruel, doctor." Will managed to gasp out.

"You've not known such a word yet," The man's words were a promise, and they made Will smile almost lazily.

Will could feel the stagman breathing hard down the back of his neck, pressing his long fingers into his stomach. Will grabbed Doctor Lecter's wrist and moved the hand away from his covered erection, raising it to his face instead. He took the doctor's middle finger into his mouth, hollowing his cheeks out around the digit and making a great display of sucking soundly. He held the man's wrist tightly as he brought the finger past his lips again, grunting softly.

"Damnable thing." Doctor Lecter muttered fondly, pressing the tip of his finger to Will's lower lip.

"What does the good doctor have to say about my current condition?" Will asked, drawing both of Doctor Lecter's arms back around him so that he was embraced, "I only trust him to make me well.." He peered up at the man with a lurid smile, "Will you play?" His tone was sweet then, daring for the other to indulge him.

Doctor Lecter's amused eyes were locked on the boy, and he was quiet as he contemplated. He would very much like to humor his little game of 'doctor', however the matter at hand still stood.. He had a dead girl in his cellar (whom he had no intentions of harvesting from), and Will was expected back at the hospital soon.

"The doctor thinks we should save this game for some other time," Doctor Lecter said, touching Will's face softly, "Don't give me that petulant look, you need to go back, Will." The man insisted.

Will sighed, cursing them both mentally for wasting so much time. Next time, he might just shove lunch out of the way and lay himself on the dining table with his legs spread open. See how he likes that. Will sucked on his lower lip and turned his head to look at Beverly. Her skin has turned an angry shade of purple.

"Did you just say that you would bury her just to make me feel better?" Will asked quietly.

"No. I will, I promise you," Doctor Lecter assured him, before heading for the stairs, "I'll need to change. Go and fetch that book that you wanted." He instructed as he disappeared.

Will lingered in the cellar, feeling odd about leaving his friend in such a state. There wasn't anything he could do. Perhaps he should try and plait her hair again? He shook his head and sighed through his nose, before leaving to do as he was told.

---

"And you believe that leaving to spend the afternoon with Doctor Lecter helped you?"

Will shifted, bored. Doctor Bloom had grilled him seemingly as soon as she spotted him walk back into his room. *He hadn't been aware that he had two therapists,* he thought spitefully.

"We made lunch together. And read. It was great to leave this place." Will said.

"I just wish that he had let someone other than the receptionist know," Doctor Bloom sighed, "You are his patient.." She seemingly reminded herself.

"I have a book that I want to show to Abigail," Will announced, pulling *"The Egyptian Guide to Cannibalism"* from beneath his pillow. He passed it to Doctor Bloom.

"Will, you can't," Doctor Bloom said immediately, tilting her eyes up to stare at him, "What made you think that you could.. this.. will upset her." She held the book tightly.

Will took the book back almost defensively, staring hard at the glossy cover. Surely Abigail could appreciate the art, if not the history of cannibalism within ancient Egypt.

"What good does reading her Gothic novels do?" Will asked with a slight edge of accusation in his tone.

"Will, I'm not going to argue with you," She warned, "I know you only want to help, but Abigail is traumatized-"

"She knew what she was eating, she's playing you and everyone else." Will spat, knowing that he was toeing the line.

"WILL!" Doctor Bloom exclaimed, standing abruptly, "If this is how you choose to act, it will not go unpunished. You will lose your parlor time, and you will lose the right to have your sessions with Doctor Lecter anywhere else but in this room." She warned, gesturing with a red nail as she spoke.

Will grit his teeth and said nothing for a moment as he tried to calm himself. The stagman touched his shoulder calmly; a warning of his own.

"Yes, Doctor Bloom, you're right. I'm sorry," Will said, a smile brightening his features.

Doctor Bloom's own features softened, and she let her hand drop, "Good. See you soon, Will," Her smile did not reach her eyes. She left.

"What reason do you have to act like this? Like a brat.." The stagman chastised, holding Will's chin in his long fingers as he studied him as Doctor Lecter would, like an experimemt.

"Yes, well. It's true, I know it is. People tastes nothing like any animal I've eaten.." Will responded.

"And you're so certain that you've tasted human flesh?" The stagman posed, an amused shine in his marble eyes.

"Oh, yes." Will nodded to the illusion, reaching out to touch him. The stagman came to him immediately, settling at his side. His good, loyal monster.

Chapter End Notes

Bravo to you. :-)

Don't keep your thoughts and comments to yourselves, now.
P.S, if you believe something should be tagged, don't hesitate to let me know!

# Goldenrod

Chapter Notes

Hello! I feel as though this fic is slowly becoming the embodiment of the "Welcome to My Twisted Mind" meme, but honestly I love the more fucked up parts about Hannibal. ( Seriously, guys, read the books. ) I enjoy the darker sides of Hannigram. Plain and simple.

Enjoy if you can!

[*Encouragement*]

*"Will!"*

Will looks up from his book, whipping his head around to see who had called him. Beverly stands with her arms crossed smartly over her chest, a friendly smile that lights up her eyes gracing her face. Will feels his own lips twitch up into a smile. He marks his page with a doggy ear and motions for her to join him at the picnic table. They don't have many classes together this year, and so they tend to gravitate toward each other during their joint break.

*"What are you reading today?"* Beverly asks as she sits with her legs straddling the bench.

*"Don Quixote.."* Will tells her with a glance to the cover. He moves his eyes back to his friend, and feels his breath catches painfully.

*"Something wrong?"* Beverly's head tilts to the side.

Will stutters to speak, but his words won't come. He can only watch, helpless as blood drips from the girl's neck. It slides slowly down her tan neck and onto her bosom. He makes an effort to clasp his hand over the wound, mortified as Beverly does nothing to aid him. She's bleeding out!

Will emits a scream as Beverly falls off the bench. The girl stares up at him with lifeless eyes from the grass. She is still smiling at him.

Will sat up in the bed and brought his hands up to his face, squinting as he struggles to examine them in the dark. They're dry, but how does he know they're clean? Blood can dry. The thought brought him great discomfort. He forced himself to get out of the bed and pad

over to the light switch. The overhead lights flicker on. His hands are clean. Beverly is seated on the foot of his bed, her hair plaited over one shoulder.

"Who braided your hair?" Will asked her as he joined her back on the bed. He crawled closer so that he could touch her. Upon further examination, he found that her eyes were milky white.

"Doctor Lecter did, remember?" Beverly responded in an amused tone.

Will did remember. Doctor Lecter was very kind to do that for his friend. Will smiled, distracted for a moment by the sunlight beginning to peek through the bland hospital curtains. He brought his attention back to Beverly, his smile falling from his face as blood began to drip from the wide cut on her neck.

"You're not really here." Will realized with chagrin.

Beverly appeared confused by the suggestion, and then offended, "Of course I am." She insisted.

"You're not." Will repeated, beginning to feel irritated.

Beverly persisted, blood falling onto the comforter as she moved even closer to him. Will turned his attention back to the window, choosing to ignore the girl rather than accept her presence. He began to fret quietly, his eyebrows coming together. What if she was like the stagman? His eyes found Beverly again and he studied her for a while with his lips tight.

"Does that hurt..?" Will asked her, gesturing to her bleeding neck. Beverly smiled at him again, pleased with his decision.

---

Will had been followed by Beverly all day, and she was usually quiet until he looked at her expectantly. She was almost like the stagman in that. During his time in the parlor that day he chose to talk to Beverly quietly rather than read. Will did not see when others looked at him for too long as they wondered why he was talking to the empty spot beside him. One of them was Abigail, and unlike the others she was able to approach him.

"Who's this?" Abigail sat herself down on the couch on the far side. Doctor Bloom had told her during one of their sessions about Will's condition.

Abigail did not look at Beverly, only him. Will knew what she was doing. She was teasing him. A bitter smile turned up his lips.

"What are you talking about?" Will questioned, ignoring Beverly's irritated frown.

"Who are you talking to, Will?" Abigail re-instated. Her eyes shone with curiosity.

"Myself." Will said. He sat in the empty cushion between them. He wouldn't indulge Abigail's game.

Beverly wasn't mad that Will had sat on her. She knew that he had to. She wound her arms around his middle snugly. Will smiled, forgetting that he was trying to make Abigail go away.

Abigail smiled back, shrugging lightheartedly, "How's it going with your new therapist?" She inquired, friendly.

"Great," Will said, "How is it with Doctor Bloom?" He returned.

"You would know." Abigail joked, seemingly not picking up on the bland tone in the boy's voice.

"I would," He agreed, leaning his head back on Bev's shoulder.

Abigail watched Will lay his head against the back of the couch. She missed his company. Will shifted under her gaze, swallowing and looking at the ceiling for a moment.

"I forgot I wanted to show you something," Will spoke softly, not wanting to be heard by anyone other than the two girls.

"Oh? What is it?" Abigail asked.

"A book.. I'll have to bring it to you tomorrow. ." Will trailed off, and then sat up abruptly to move closer, aware that he had squashed Beverly slightly in the process.

Abigail's eyes widened at the sudden movement, but she was compliant, moving closer aswell to listen.

"Doctor Bloom doesn't want me to show you, but you know how she is. I know you'll like it," Will whispered.

"I'm excited," Abigail admitted. Will admired her doe-like eyes for a moment. His smile didn't move an inch at the image of himself holding the girl down and scratching out her beautiful, bright eyes.

"Your eyes are beautiful." Will told her.

Color rushed into Abigail's freckled cheeks. Will regretted saying anything, uncomfortable with the idea of making the girl blush.

"No wonder your dad only killed girls that had your eyes," Will added, and he watched as Abigail's expression changed immediately. Her nostrils flared slightly and her lips pulled into a tight frown.

Will didn't apologize because it wouldn't be sincere. He had complimented her, what was there to be sorry about? He got off of the couch, Beverly trailing close at his heels while he left the parlor. Abigail wouldn't tell Doctor Bloom. The girl reminded Will of a diary, shut

tight and locked. Holding all of her pain. *All of her secrets*, the stagman pointed out, *About her dad.*

"Right," Will muttered as he closed himself up in his room.

"That wasn't nice." Beverly spoke.

Will lifted his eyes to the girl, suprised to find that her neck was missing the wound again. The boy jumped back violently, flinching as he was hit in the face by a spray of new blood. The stagman stood before him with his elegant rack dripping with Beverly's blood. She was raised a few feet in the air, dangling from the rack. If she were to fall, she would land on Will.

"Don't do that," Will demanded, breathing heavily. He squeezed his eyes shut, and everything was back in order when he reopened them. Beverly was missing all together.

Upset, Will laid himself on the bed. He usually would have slipped into the gardens by this time of the day. Reminded of the gardens, Will began to think about Spring flowers. His breathing pattern grew steady as a bouquet of Daffodils and Iris bloomed peacefully behind his eyelids.

Will awoke to a dark room. The lack of sunlight filtering into the space indicated that it was night time. He wondered if it was very late. He kicked the blankets off, feeling stuffy. Cool air touched his damp face, making him sigh in relief. For a while he simply blinked into the darkness, relishing the cool air until he grew used to it.

Will sat up, pulling his shirt over his head almost angrily. Another rush of cool air. He laid back down, eyes focused on where the stagman watched him from a corner. Tall and proud, eyes hard and hungry. Will tried to look away, but found that he could not. The stagman was amused by his efforts.

"Sweet William." The stagman spoke, his voice echoing off of the walls. Will shivered violently. He never was alone, was he?

The stagman approached the bed, slow in his every movement as he trapped Will beneath him. Will stretched his arms so that he could try and touch the tips of the sharp rack, unfazed when he found that he could not.

"Your efforts are futile, you know this," The stagman chastised, and he grabbed Will's wrist, "Touch yourself instead." He suggested, though it sounded like a command.

Will took his wrist back and stared at the stagman, willing him to fade away. He did not leave, but he pitied the boy, and he touched Will's eyelids softly when he closed them. Will exhaled softly, bringing his hand to feel his chest with a feather light touch. Fingers wrapped around his wrist again, dragging his hand lower so that it passed his trembling stomach. Impatient, Will shoved his hand past the waistband of his pants, growling at the tutting in his ears.

Will grabbed himself loosely with his un-hurt hand, lips parting. He could see himself laid out flush on one of Doctor Lecter's expensive vintage couches, flush and worked on. There are bite marks littering his stomach and thighs, red and purple and stark against his pale skin. Doctor Lecter is between his legs, holding them apart with a painfully tight grip as he sucks a claiming bruise into the soft flesh beneath his jaw. He begs for it, *please, doctor, fuck me fuck me fuck me-*

Will moaned, tightening his grip around his sex and beginning to pump on the skin. He spread his legs wide, hips rolling against nothing as he thrust into his hand. He made an effort to shove his pants down his thighs, beginning to pant hard.

*'Impatient boys are not rewarded, Will,"* Doctor Lecter chastises in a low voice, making a point to rub the slick head of his cock along the crack of his ass.

Will bit his lip to quiet himself, coming onto his bare chest and hand with a groan. He felt himself twitch in his sticky hand as he worked to steady his hard breathing. He got up after a while to wash his hands and clean up, falling back to sleep easily the moment he hit the bed again.

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"Is Beverly here now?" Doctor Lecter asked, watching Will from his seat in the corner.

Will laid on his bed, raising his eyes to where Beverly sat across from him on the corner. She waved.

"No. Just yesterday." Will lied.

Doctor Lecter watched as Will closed his eyes, emitting a noise of discontent. He shifted in the uncomfortable chair, clasping his hands together in his lap.

"Will, you aren't very talkative this afternoon," The man observed, not bothering to hide the annoyance in his voice, "It is my job to listen to you." He added.

"Doctor Bloom never forced me to talk when I didn't want to," Will grumbled back.

"I am not Doctor Bloom," Lecter reminded, "Insolence is not an attractive quality." He said.

Will opened his eyes and sat up abruptly, his eyebrows furrowed. He crawled to the edge of the bed and sat with his legs hanging off, mimicking how the doctor had his hands folded in his lap. He blinked mockingly at the man,

"Forgive me, I didn't realize it was mandatory that my therapist find me desirable, doctor," Will said, relishing the barely concealed twitch of the doctor's lips.

"I'll never understand why you find amusement in provoking me.." Doctor Lecter sighed, "However, I'm sorry to say that I do require your attention during our sessions."

"Of course," Will leaned back on his hands, averting his eyes for a moment, "You'll be disappointed to hear that I've not been the most courteous this week. I was called a brat." He confessed with a small smile.

"I don't expect you to be able to keep a cool head all the time, especially not when you're stuck in here all day," Doctor Lecter said.

Will pushed out a sigh, ready to grant the therapist a proper session. He licked his lips and brought his eyes back to the man properly,

"Could we talk about.." Will looked to his healing hand for a moment, hoping that he would not have to say it outloud.

"Of course." Doctor Lecter acknowledged.

"I know that you want to see me kill," Will swallowed, "And I want that too- to show you.. But, I want to choose. I didn't like how you tried to force me." He elaborated.

"I didn't make you do it, did I?" Doctor Lecter dismissed his own narrow question, "If that's what you want, I would be happy to help you find someone fit.." The man trailed off for a moment, watching the window as he thought, "However, I can think of a few things that we should do before that."

"Like what?" Will asked, curious. Cannibalistic killer training?

"I hope you won't be too upset, but I would rather we discuss it in my home." Doctor Lecter expressed.

Will nodded his head, sucking his lower lip into his mouth. He could think of nothing better, truthfully.

"Oh, Doctor Bloom thinks that you should speak to her before you check me out next time." Will remembered. Doctor Lecter frowned.

"She shouldn't be concerned," Doctor Lecter said, sounding a bit resentful.

"Go and talk to her now," Will suggested, thinking that he would like to read now.

"You won't mind cutting our time short today?" Doctor Lecter asked, hands resting on the arms of the chair in preparation of standing.

"Not at all," Will was already reaching under his pillow for the book, "Check her office.. Or the parlor." He added.

Taking note, Doctor Lecter stood to leave, touching Will's shoulder softly as he passed him. The boy did not stir, eyes glued onto the book. Doctor Bloom was leaving her office when the man got there, and she smiled at him.

"Doctor Lecter! Are you lost?" She joked.

"No," Doctor Lecter responded, returning her smile politely, "I was wondering if we could have a short conversation in your office?" He asked, then added, "About Will."

Doctor Bloom nodded at the mention of the boy's name, spinning on her heels to go back into her office. She gestured him inside, sitting down in one of the guest chairs rather than at her own desk. Lecter sat himself beside her.

"Will told me that I should talk to you about checking him out. I didn't realize you were uncomfortable with him leaving the unit," Doctor Lecter surmised.

"It's not that, it's probably good for him to leave every once in a while," Doctor Bloom corrected, nodding, "I just wished that I was aware. The receptionist is not always on duty, so it was difficult to find out where he was." She explained.

"I'm very sorry. I suppose I should tell you that I plan on checking him out again during our next appointment." Lecter said.

"Yes, thank you!" Bloom smiled, grateful, "Will likes you a lot. I knew that he would," She laughed.

Lecter smiled, nodding curtly, "Will is a good boy."

"Most of the time." She agreed.

Another nod to accompany his keen smile. Lecter studied the woman for a moment, intrigued by her comment. Perhaps she was the one who had called Will a brat?

---

Will had abandoned his bandages by the time he was in Doctor Lecter's home again, nearly a week later. The cut was sealed by a thick yellow scab that ran jagged across his palm. He picked at it idly as he waited for Doctor Lecter to return with wine.

Will had been ordered to wait in the study as soon as they had arrived. He couldn't help but wonder if he was waiting on another of the doctor's cruel gifts. He slumped in his seat, only to immediately sit up again at the sound of approaching feet. Doctor Lecter appeared in the doorway bearing two glasses, one of which he passed off to Will. This wine appeared far different from the Moscato that he had so enjoyed, but it was pink. Pinks were sweet.

"It's good," Will said after sipping the drink experimentally.

"I'm glad that you like it," Doctor Lecter smiled at him, placing his own glass on the desk. He ignored the wine for a moment as he brought his tablet to life, "Come and sit with me," He invited.

Will swiftly stood from his chair, locking eyes momentarily with the man as he set his glass beside the other, before seating himself in his lap. Doctor Lecter hummed, pleased.

"What are we doing, doctor?" Will asked, watching Doctor Lecter navigate on the tablet's screen. He picked his glass back up to sip it gingerly. A crimson themed website called "Selcouth" was pulled up.

"I've known you to be fond of the 'hidden web' in the past, yes?" Doctor Lecter wrapped an arm around Will's middle.

"Yes," Will clutched his glass tighter, his heart speeding in excitement. There was a countdown on the screen.

"This is called a Red Room, are you familiar?" Doctor Lecter asked, reaching for his own glass.

Will chewed on his lower lip thoughtfully. He had only ever used the deep web to see what regular news sites weren't permitted to show him.. He flushed, remembering at once the Cannibal Café.

"No?" Will responded.

"Thought not.. You see, when that count ends we will be admitted onto a live feed with other strangers. These websites are used by people who become sexually aroused by the torture of others.." He paused to let Will catch up. The boy had gone stiff.

"Okay.." Will nodded, swallowing thickly.

"You want me to watch you kill someone worthy of it, and I'd very much like that, but you should also be given the chance to participate in something similar," Doctor Lecter grew quiet, momentarily afraid that Will wasn't capable of such.

Will set his glass back down and leaned back against the man, touching the arm around himself fondly, "I understand," He divulged, "Is this a test?" He asked almost innocently.

"Of sorts." Doctor Lecter responded fondly.

The countdown neared zero, and Will felt calm up until the screen flickered and a boy somewhat older than him appeared on screen. He was tied down to a hospital bed, a gag in his mouth. His eyes were lidded and dark. He was on a lethal amount of opiates, it seemed. A woman walked into view, the embodiment of a proper domanatrix. Her blonde hair was tied back and her face was obscured by a rubber rabbit mask.  The woman stood at the side of the hospital bed as she was given a black bag by another woman in a a duck mask. It would have been silly, had it not scared Will to death.

"If you wish, we could buy control of the room. The woman will have to do as we tell her. Anything you like," Doctor Lecter pointed out.

"So this is for money. People pay to be in charge of what she does to the boy," Will realized, his interest piqued.

"Precisely," Doctor Lecter nodded.

They watched in silence as she unzipped the bag and proceeded to lay out a variety of tools onto a metal table beside the bed. Doctor Lecter placed his glass onto the desk again.

Will bit his lip, curling his fingers around one of the doctor's wrists, "What's that?" He asked as the woman picked up one of the larger scalpels.

"That is primarily for use in cardiac surgery. The cut is made here," Doctor Lecter dragged his nail down Will's chest.

The scalpel of choice was picked up and Will watched wide eyed as the boy's chest was cut into cleanly. The boy jerked violently, mouth open wide.

"Has he consented to this?" Will questioned, horrified.

"I would like to think so," Doctor Lecter responded, sounding oddly unconcerned.

Doctor Lecter inched a hand underneath the hem of Will's shirt, dragging his cool fingers along the boy's skin. Will shifted and arched slightly, encouraging the touch.

"Would you like to put on a show like this?" Doctor Lecter asked in a low voice, fingers brushing over one of Will's nipples, "Would you obey my commands?"

"Anything," Will said, tipping his head back against Doctor Lecter's shoulder. He tilted his head expectantly, frowning when the man grabbed his chin to angle his gaze back to the screen.

"Keep your word, Will. I can't do much with a liar," Doctor Lecter said, pressing his hand against the boy's chest, "Watch the screen. Be a good boy." He advised.

Will whined softly, watching as the woman on screen pulled one of the boy's eyelids down and shined a bright flashlight in it, and than the other one. She then proceeded to messily remove the first eye, cutting first with one of the smaller tools and then pulling the organ free using a small clamp.

"Oh my *god*," Will moaned, squeezing his own eyes shut as though she would take his as well, "You get off on this?"

"My pleasure comes from watching you react," Doctor Lecter explained quite bluntly, reaching between Will's legs to palm at his soft cock.

"You're fucked-" Will gasped, jerking as Lecter's grip on his sex grew painful,

"Should I remind you of the way that you sat yourself on this desk and begged me to take you to my bed?" Doctor Lecter released his hold on Will's cock to grab him around the waist again, pressing his hips upward so that the boy felt his erection.

"Doctor Lecter-"

"Shh, let the doctor speak, Will," Doctor Lecter interjected, "Do you remember? You thought I didn't want you anymore.. You nearly demanded for me to touch you." He spread his hand

out on Will's chest, grunting as the boy began to grind into his lap.

"You were pleased that I wanted you, though, weren't you? Would you have taken me anyway, doctor? I can hardly see a killer requiring consent-" Will moaned, "Yeah," He urged as the doctor unbuttoned his jeans.

"I wouldn't have touched you without first hearing your approval," Doctor Lecter insisted as he pulled out Will's cock to stroke into hardness.

Will began to pant, pushing against Doctor Lecter's confined erection, "Let me suck you?"

"You can hardly watch the screen that way." Doctor Lecter mused.

"I don't care," Will retorted, "Don't you want me to touch you? Order me to. Tell me to get on my knees and suck your dick, doctor," He pleaded, covering Doctor Lecter's hand with his own and moving it faster, tipping his chin up with a sigh of pleasure.

Doctor Lecter released Will abruptly, making him whine at the loss. The boy slid to the floor, watching the man with eager eyes as he slid forward in the chair. The boy leaned in as his face was caressed, a slight tug on his chin bringing him closer to Lecter's crotch. Will laid his cheek on the man's thigh and peered up at him coyly, touching the underside of his leg softly.

"Are you sure, doctor?" Will questioned in an almost pathetic voice, sliding his hand along the soft fabric, "I've never had this kind of therapy before.." He teased.

"Quite sure," Doctor Lecter responded, unable to deny the sweet boy his game.

The man reached to open his pants, feeling the boy's rapt eyes on him as he freed himself. Lecter took a gentle hold on the back of Will's head, fingers twisting into soft curls,

"Open your mouth now, Will," Doctor Lecter instructed in a firm tone.

Will obeyed, averting his eyes as he bent his head to taste the leaking tip. A sigh left the doctor, and Will reached to touch the sides of the chair, steadying himself as he sucked the tip into his mouth. He inhaled anxiously, before inching his lips down the length until he was forced to back off, fighting the itching need to cough. Doctor Lecter cooed softly from above, hands soothing in his hair,

"Don't choke- use your hands, darling, there you go..Good.."

Will obeyed, taking the base of the man's cock into one of his hands and stroking at a slow pace. He was most certainly putting into practice what he had read in books, which wasn't very much at all, as he wasn't too fixated on erotica. He was all too aware of how he was unable to take more than half of the man's length into his mouth, and the thought of sliding it further into his throat frightened him. Doctor Lecter must have sensed his stress, because a tug on his hair had him pulling off in a wet slide, drool dripping from the corner of his mouth into the man's lap.

"Was I bad?" Will asked, confused and a little hurt.

"Not at all. You appeared uncomfortable," Doctor Lecter explained, wiping the boy's mouth with the pad of his thumb.

"I've never- I mean obviously I haven't-,"

"Will, please." Doctor Lecter sounded amused.

Will flushed, embarrassed. He wrapped his fingers back around the man's length, beginning to twist his wrist as he pumped as if he were jerking himself. Doctor Lecter's hand covered his own and began to guide his pace, a groan leaving his lips as Will licked the tip of his cock again. Doctor Lecter held their hands at the base, halting the process and watching the boy lap at the head in earnest. Will moaned softly, reaching to jerk himself with a free hand.

"It's not in your best interest to come on my floor, Will," Doctor Lecter managed to say, his voice rough. He tugged on Will's hair again, hard so that he stopped.

"I'll clean it up," Will promised, eyes glazed as his hand on himself only sped up. He moaned again, louder this time as he practically leaned into Lecter's lap.

*"Will,"* Doctor Lecter warned, taking the boy's face in both hands and tilting his head so that they looked at each other.

Will wet his lips, "Please," He almost whined, "Please, I need it," He urged, holding himself by the base firmly to keep from orgasm.

"Take your pants off," Doctor Lecter instructed, smiling when Will stood quickly to comply, abandoning his pants and underwear beneath the desk, "Here." Lecter continued, beckoning the boy to straddle his lap.

"You'll ruin your pants," Will pointed out as he settled on Doctor Lecter's thighs, staring as the man stroked himself slowly.

"I'm in the habit of ruining clothes in your presence," Doctor Lecter dismissed, not wanting to be reminded of his failure in the basement.

Will moved forward to bring their erections together, another lazy moan escaping him at the contact. Doctor Lecter took them both in his hand, jerking them together so that Will writhed against him deliciously. Will held tight onto the man's shoulders, allowing all the work to be put on his doctor as he twitched his hips into the feeling, chasing his end. Feeling nearly raw, Will came with a shout, bucking into the man's hand. Doctor Lecter used Will's slick as lubrication to bring himself off, relishing Will's swollen lips and sex flushed cheeks as he came.

Will clutched at the man's shoulders and panted against his neck, nuzzling the slightly sweaty skin there. Doctor Lecter's fingers slid through Will's damp curls as he breathed heavily through his nose. He groaned and shook his head when the boy reached to fondle his soft cock, grabbing his wrist,

"I am not as resilient as you, I'm afraid," Doctor Lecter said with an amused smile. Will laughed at that, giddy.

---

Will was returned to the hospital late in the afternoon, when the sun was low and red in the sky. He stood outside the unit and admired the painted clouds as they shifted for a couple of minutes. He made eye contact with a member of the staff through the glass door and smiled awkwardly, before going to check himself back in. He had insisted to Doctor Lecter that he could do it himself.

Will and Beverly made a game of 'sneaking' to his own room to get *"The Egyptian Guide to Cannibalism"*, and then trailing to Abigail's room. He knew that Doctor Bloom had gone home by then, but it was still fun. Beverly had been ignored all day, and was upset. Will could only imagine what the Stagman would do to him for it.

"Will," Abigail greeted as he entered, shutting the door behind himself.

"Here," Will said with a smile, giving her the book.

Abigail's smile twitched as she studied the cover. Not wanting to be rude, she began to leaf through it. It was evident from the look in her eyes that she was uncomfortable.

"I want you to keep it, actually. It's beautiful and informative," Will told her as he sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Informative? It's about ancient, cannibalistic rituals.." Abigail responded, running a finger down a glossy page.

"Yes, well.." Will bit his lip and then abruptly went in for the kill, "Did you like it? The meat." He questioned carefully.

"That's.. You couldn't possibly expect me to answer that." Abigail pressed her lips together, forcing herself to be patient.

"I do, actually. You had to have known," He continued, flinching when Abigail slammed the book shut.

"Your illness doesn't excuse you from acting like an asshole, Will. You have this look in your eye, like you know that you're hurting me," Abigail accused, her voice broken.

Will tilted his head, blinking, "Abigail, I'm just asking you a question, I'm curious.."

"I don't like how you're so insensitive lately!" Abigail stared at the cover of the book, her eyes shiny with unshed tears, "You're the only friend I have in here.."

"Insensitive? I think you're dramatic," Will pushed himself off the bed and headed for the door, "Just a little- also, I want you to keep the book. It's *beautiful* , really, a nice book. I appreciate your friendship, Abigail." He smiled at her bitterly before he left.

"She will tell Doctor Bloom," The stagman hissed in his ear as they walked down the hall, cold fingers holding tight to the boy's elbow.

"Everyone here is ridiculous." Will complained, "Insensitive?" He nearly scoffed.

"She really likes you," Beverly chimed in.

"I'm becoming impatient," Will confessed, lowering his voice as people walked past them.

"You're insufferable," The stagman spoke, "A terrible boy. You're angry because you want to pick her brain, you want to use her. She is your friend, Will," He continued.

"You're only mad because I've ignored you," Will whispered, feeling hurt.

"I'm not used to your rejection. It's not something I'll become used to, either. You chose us, Will, we are here forever. You want to make nice with us, don't you?" The stagman crooned. Beverly moved to take his arm, obviously in agreement.

"Yes." Will replied. Beverly beamed at him, receiving only a miserable gaze in return.

# Red Japanese Camelia

Chapter Notes

A decidedly difficult chapter to write, so I apologize if it seems a bit rough.
Also, I just want to express my appreciation for everyone who gives me feedback on this monstrous thing. Truly!!
Please excuse any mistakes that I missed while editing.

*My Fate in Your Hands*

Abigail couldn't fathom the difficulty of trying to read and do another very simple task at the same time. She held her current novel open on the bed by kneeling on it, her head bowed to read as her hands busily drew her hair up. She had planned to save the second chapter of the novel until Doctor Bloom joined her, but she found herself impatient. Securing her hair with a tie, the girl settled back against the pillows and finally turned the page. She could feel the book that Will had given her pressing into her back uncomfortably, making her sit up again with a frown. She really hadn't wanted the thing. Abigail snatched the book from under herself with a grimace, setting it carelessly on the bedside table. "*The Egyptian Guide to Cannibalism"* was a large, glossy book with sharp corners and filled with gruesome art. Abigail had opened it a couple of times since the night before, but found it uninteresting each time. She would much rather read her Gothic novels and fantasies.

The door to Abigail's room swung open and in walked Doctor Bloom with a couple of new books cradled her in her arms. Abigail beamed at Doctor Bloom and closed her current book to greet the woman. Doctor Bloom set the books down on the bed, and herself with them. Abigail admired the doctor's elegant suit for a moment, appreciating the muted stripes and the feminine neckline.

"Good morning," Abigail said politely, before reaching for the books. Virginia Woolf.

"Morning," Doctor Bloom returned, pleased that Abigail was eager to see what she had brought for her, "It's warmer today. Would you like to go outside?" She asked.

Abigail shook her head, unwilling to dress for the outdoors at that moment. It was silent after that, and Abigail lifted her eyes from the inside of one of the book's to look at Doctor Bloom, whose eyes were trained onto her bedside table. Abigail felt a moment of realization and then panic, resisting the urge to snatch the book away from the woman's gaze. It was too late.

"I told him not to give you this.." Doctor Bloom cursed under her breath as she took the book and held it in her lap, boring holes through the gold cover.

"It was very thoughtful of him, actually, it's very interesting," Abigail insisted, reaching to take it back almost in defense, "Very sweet." She added, putting the book under her pillow again.

"It was inconsiderate," Doctor Bloom corrected with a frustrated sigh, "I'll have to take that from you, it's not good for you at the moment."

"It's just history. Art and history. It's a gift from my friend," Abigail leaned against the pillow.

Doctor Bloom sighed again, louder this time. She couldn't understand why the children were testing her. She contemplated forcing Abigail to take a walk with her outside, as it would probably be good for her. She dismissed the idea and reached for one of the novels instead, to begin reading.

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Will's lighter coat had fallen around his elbows and was now hanging loose at the backs of his knees as he stood in front of the warm sun. His mind was very quiet, and he played with the idea of laying down in the grass and simply enjoying being alone. His curls hung low at his chin, neglected for about a week and in need of a wash. Will knew that he looked crazy standing in front of the hospital building as he was.

Will bristled at the sound of fast approaching steps, making him turn around and face an angry Doctor Bloom. She struggled to walk in the grass with her heels, but was on a mission it seemed. He decided to make it easy for her, walking toward her as he righted his jacket.

"Good morning, Doctor Bloom." Will greeted calmly. He knew what was happening.

"Will, you know exactly what I'm about to say," Doctor Bloom pointed out with a grim smile. She offered her arm to him, which he took without a thought, "I've already notified Doctor Lecter about your restrictions," She added.

Will pushed a sigh, "Right," He noted, "Maybe he'll finally bring us some books, now that we can't leave the unit."

"Maybe so," Doctor Bloom agreed, no longer fuming, "Will, I am far more lenient with you and Abigail than I should be." She confessed.

"You should adopt us." Will suggested with a playful smile.

"Oh, my wife would love that," Doctor Bloom smiled fondly, "We have a toddler, and he is trouble enough for the both of you," She nudged the boy softly.

"You don't seem very angry anymore," Will acknowledged.

"Oh, Will," Doctor Bloom sighed, "I know you only wanted to be kind. I was mad because you didn't listen to me." She explained.

Will hummed, releasing the woman's arm as they neared his room. He paused in the doorway, "Will Doctor Lecter still be coming today?" He asked tentatively.

"Of course." Doctor Bloom replied.

Will left his door open so that he could hear Doctor Bloom as she went away, her shiny heels loud on the tile. When the sound became very faint, Will collapsed onto his bed, where he was joined by Beverly. She watched him in amusement as he shrugged out of his coat. It was a shame that he would not be allowed outside again today. Perhaps Doctor Lecter could convince Doctor Bloom otherwise.

"Why would he do that?" Beverly asked.

"Why hasn't he placed me on antipsychotics?" Will shot back, watching Beverly wilt.

Will smiled then, peering up at the ceiling and wondering what time it was. Time for a shower, he chided himself before getting up to take one. Perhaps he would ask for a haircut sometime, as well.

Will very much resented the tiny ensuite bathroom, it's bland walls, and wee shower. He showered without bothering to make the water warm, washing himself almost furiously. When he was dry and clothed again, he bundled himself up in his comforter and read. Sometimes it was difficult to concentrate if the stagman was around, because he paced the length of the room and distracted him. However, this time it was only Beverly, who was very polite and quiet.

"Hiding, are you?" Came Doctor Lecter's voice.

Doctor Lecter paused in the doorway, breathing the scent of wet hair and cheap shampoo, covering thinly the smell of schizophrenia on the boy's skin. He smiled fondly as Will allowed the covers to fall from his head and pool around his shoulders like a cloak. Will beamed and gestured the doctor to sit with him on the bed, shoving the book away. Lecter let the heavy door close behind him with a click as he joined his patient on the unmade bed.

"Good afternoon." Will spoke politely, having already decided to be on his best behavior. The last thing he needed was for Doctor Lecter to try and punish him aswell.

"Afternoon." Came the amused reply. It hung in the air.

Will bit his lip as he attempted to study the man's face, searching for any signs of resentment. The thought sent a shot of panic up his spine. This was worse than Doctor Bloom's punishment. He was so difficult to read!

"Do you think less of me now?" Will finally asked, resisting the great urge to throw himself into the doctor's lap.

"Not at all," Doctor Lecter said, his thin mouth still curled in that amused smile, "However, I am disappointed."

Will huffed, though it was not so bad to simply be a disappointment. His hands twitched with the urge to touch the man, wanting to fist his clean shirt and rub his damp hair against his chest like a dog. As though reading Will's mind, Doctor Lecter pushed himself off of the bed and relocated to the single chair in the room. Will frowned.

"I won't even ask what possessed you to disobey Doctor Bloom," Doctor Lecter offered as he settled in his uncomfortable spot.

"I did it so that you couldn't check me out anymore," Will lied in a petulant voice, "Because you only want to terrorize me."

"I think that you did it for attention." Doctor Lecter responded, watching Will's face pinch.

"I'm past acting out for attention, Doctor Lecter." Will insisted, averting his eyes to the white ceiling.

"Of course," Doctor Lecter allowed the topic to be dismissed. He watched Will fidget for a moment, flushed and hurt from the accusation.

"When my punishment is lifted, I'm sure that you'll try and pluck me from the unit again. Won't you?" Will asked, disguising his curiosity for malice.

"Who's to say I won't try and 'pluck' you from the unit before then?" Doctor Lecter challenged. The boy's eyes flashed; a flicker of excitement in them.

"I can only hope to be terrorized again so soon." Will confessed.

Doctor Lecter's smile had not budged, eternally delighted by the boy's bold manner. Lecter could see such promising things in Will, in his troubled mind. Such trust in his blue eyes.

"Close your eyes," Doctor Lecter instructed, taking pleasure at the way Will obeyed him immediately.

"Are you going to hurt me?" Will asked.

"Is that what you want?" Doctor Lecter returned, having no intentions of harming Will otherwise.

Will bit his lip and shrugged. He could imagine that Doctor Lecter already knew what he wanted. He considered peeking at the man, curious about his expression. It was amazing how paranoid someone could become when deprived of their sight. Could Doctor Lecter hear how his heart had sped up?

"Concentrate now," Doctor Lecter broke through Will's thoughts, voice smooth and calm, "Imagine a body. Don't give it a face," He continued, watching as Will's eyebrows knit together.

"'Kay." Will muttered.

"Where is it?" Doctor Lecter asked.

After a momemt of thought, Will responded, "Outside. In the garden. On the concrete." He said.

"Good. Describe it as best as you can without giving it a persona." Doctor Lecter instructed.

"It's.. Laying down. There are flowers where a mouth and eyes should be. Actually, it's covered in flowers.. Like they're growing out of it," Will spread his hands in the air as he spoke, as if to emphasize the shape.

Doctor Lecter could see it as it was described, drained of it's own life but producing new life all the same. He was charmed by Will's creativity, and not at all suprised. He wanted to reward Will for simply sitting across from him.

"I want to give you that, Will. Would that be an acceptable gift?" Doctor Lecter asked.

Will's eyes fluttered open. For a moment he was confused.

"I want to help. Let that be my gift." Will said, and then quickly added, "I don't want it to be here, though. It'll spoil it for me, I hate it here."

"Of course." Lecter had been making mental notes.

"It has to be someone who deserves to die," Will went on, "Someone disgusting. We can make them beautiful again." He sounded almost dreamy as he spoke.

"Have you always romanticized the macabre?" Doctor Lecter asked, and he was suddenly Will's therapist again.

"Haven't you?" Will retorted cleverly.

"Yes." Doctor Lecter said simply.

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Will had spent the rest of the day feeling content and excited. He had been unable to concentrate on finishing his book, distracted by Beverly buzzing on either side of him. He ended up flipping the pages anyway, impatient with the plot. He only had eyes for Southern Gothic novels when read in Doctor Bloom's sweet voice.

Will found that he wished that he could draw. Then, he could put what he saw in his mind onto paper and show it to Doctor Lecter. His mind kept wondering back to the image of the flowering corpse, it's skin a peachy color despite how it should be discolored. He imagined it

realistically for a moment, and then changed it back because it felt wrong. Orange flowers. Beautiful, yes.

Will paid no attention to the stagman's low hissing voice, threatening to hurt him if he didn't look at him *this instant, do it, you insufferable, terrible boy, look at me-*

The door to Will's room crept open again, revealing a timid Abigail. When she saw that Will was not asleep, she took it upon herself to join him on the bed and peer nosily at his book. Will simply closed it so that he could give her his attention.

"I wanted to check on you." Abigail spoke.

"You're a good friend." Will complimented, though he didn't think the visit was necessary at all.

Will wrapped his comforter around them both, feeling as though he should compensate for his petulant behavior. He saw the oppurtunities in having an alliance with Abigail. They were quiet for a moment, staring at the closed book and sharing warmth. Will was reminded briefly of baby animals.

"Bonding exercise," Will suddenly declared, pulling Abigail with him as he fell back on the bed.

Abigail laughed, happy to comply. Embarrassingly, she wondered briefly if she was being flirted with. The illusion was immediately shattered with Will's next words,

"Close your eyes and imagine a body."

Will covered Abigail's eyes in addition to the instruction. He knew that he did not have Doctor Lecter's calm voice, but it didn't matter. Abigail grunted, but tentatively obeyed.

"Don't give it a face. Don't give it a personality. Imagine a corpse." Will continued, closing his own eyes aswell, "Okay describe it." He finally said.

Abigail hummed as she did her best. Though she knew that Will was not flirting with her, he was attempting to bond with her, and it was a comfort. After her friends stopped visiting, and the hype of her admission to the unit was calmed, Abigail had become lonely. Lonely enough to lay down with  Will Graham, she supposed.

"She's in a chair. She's sitting up like a Victorian post-mortem model. Her neck is cut in a half circle." Abigail described her image slowly, every so often pausing as if to gather her words.

Abigail jumped suddenly, feeling Will beginning to trace the thick scar on her neck gently with his cool fingers. She let him do this for as long as she could, before she had to grab his hand and pull it away. He beamed at her, and though it should have appeared unsettling, it was almost cherubic in nature. She realized that she was smiling back.

"Doctor Lecter is going to give me a gift." Will whispered to her.

Will's head visibly jerked. He had not done it on purpose. It was a reaction to the sudden deafening sound of the stagman's protest. Will closed his eyes and saw clearly the illusion's muzzle ripped open wide, spit flying as it screamed. It did not like that Will was trusting Abigail.

*"I'll rip her open, I'll rip her open, I'll rip her open, I'll rip her open,"*

"We can share it, if you want. It's going to be beautiful, I can hardly wait," Will squeezed Abigail in what he hoped was an affectionate manner, "What's your favorite flower?"

Abigail smiled, happy to see Will in a genuinely happy mood. She was pleased that he wanted to include her in whatever it was that Doctor Lecter has promised him. The girl could not possibly have been aware of the blood roaring in Will's ears, punishing him for what he was doing.

"I like chrysanthemums," Abigail muttered, "My mom used to like them too. All kinds of colors," She gushed fondly.

Will sighed, pressing his cheek to the top of Abigail's head. His fingers twitched. If Abigail ever had her eyes gored out, would she want them replaced with chrysanthemums? He could slide them into her skull gently, the soft stems clipped to function as new optic nerves. Pale pinks so that when she blushes they pop. Such a pretty corpse his friend would be. Will he braid her hair? Orange chrysanthemums to compliment her ginger locks.

Will tightened his arms around his friend. He would be very sad if Abigail died. She was a good friend and very nice to him and Beverly.

"Beverly likes you," Will pointed out, "She was upset when I was mean to you. I'm sorry I was mean to you. Your father was a terrible man-"

Abigail nodded with Will's every word, returning the embrace to her best ability in her awkward position. She didn't know who Beverly was, but she could assume that she was imaginary. They had no girls named Beverly at the unit. She pitied Will terribly.

Will fell quiet. He had last seen his own parents nearly two months ago. He tried to think of his mom, but her image blurred as he could not concentrate. The stagman was livid. Will whimpered as his head began to pound, the rush in his ears still strong. He missed his mom and dad. *Ow, please-*

"Please leave." Will retracted his arms from the girl to cradle his head.

Abigail sat up and reached out to Will, wanting to feel his forehead. She gasped when Will hit her lightly.

"Should I get a nurse?" Abigail asked, her blue eyes large in her worry.

"No, please just leave." Will begged, breathing hard through his nose, "I'm sorry, she's leaving now- you're hurting me." Will muttered.

Abigail faltered, but eventually left. Will didn't have time to register how unfair he had been just then, couldn't linger on how he had worried and hurt the girl- he was hurting NOW!

"Stop," Will whined, outstretching his arms to Beverly, who rushed to comfort him.

"He won't do it again." Beverly said.

The stagman was huffing, his breath echoing harsh. He snarled and dropped to his knees beside Will's bed, still tall enough to loom above the boy's laying form. Will was flushed red, the migraine pulsing in a cluster on his forehead. He laid on his back with his hands on his face for a long time, until the pain had lifted enough for him to stand up and get a drink of water. Tears and sweat was dried on his face, his shirt clinging to his back.

Will collapsed back onto the bed and pulled the comforter over his head. He had pushed it by telling Abigail those things. She would not understand. She was incapable of understanding. Will felt his lip tremble slightly, hurt that he had such jealous, ugly creatures living in his mind. It wasn't fair.

Unaware of Will's despair, Doctor Lecter sat at his previously tidy desk and poured over his plans to spark delight in the boy. Shading pencils and thin pieces of his abused eraser are scattered near his elbows, though they are ignored in favor of his project. On his paper a woman sits up on a platform, resembling a piece of human marble or stone. Flowers are scattered at her bare feet, where the flesh of her toes creep up to reveal the dainty bones there. Her stomach and chest are nearly covered by the blooms that grow over them, creeping toward her neck where her anatomy changes drastically. A pig's head sits in place of her own, sewn in between her shoulders crudely. A symbol of the disgusting life that she had lived.

Doctor Lecter has chosen the flowers in the drawing cleverly based on his thoughts of Will. Violet Clematis for his fascinating mind, striped Tulips for his beautiful, trusting eyes.. Lecter was aware that the actual product would not be as it was on paper. True to the season, he could imagine that the body would bear delicate Bloodroot and Iris. Perhaps, Tulips and Camelias for the facial cavities.

Lecter pauses to examine the sketch, pleased. He knew that Will would be his greatest accomplishment. Such a bright and eager thing the boy was. Willing to be taught and to exceed what was expected of him. Lecter was in love with Will's mind. Will found beauty in everything, much like Lecter himself. He felt a deep attachment to Will. A growing desire to be the only thing the boy took pleasure and satisfaction from. He would mold his darling mind toward it's true potential.

# Hemlock

Chapter Notes

> A week late, and i am so sorry. I am especially sorry for any mistakes I could have missed while editing. I hope the contents were worth waiting for.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*You will be my death*

Will Graham would not be discouraged by his punishment. However dull he found the white walls of the unit did not matter, because he found entertainment in counting them. In the company of both his invisible entourage and the ever present Abigail, Will found that he hardly missed being outside anyway.

"I read somewhere that people who are kept out of the sun for long periods of time grow depressed," Abigail pointed out to him one day, receiving only a dry shrug from Will.

Will had stolen a great abundance of books about flowers from the parlor, the lot of them being gardening guides or large encyclopedias. He liked to look at the pictures and fantasize about the beautiful things he would like to make with them. Will had also done quite a bit of research on floriography, resulting in many doggy-eared pages. He could close his eyes and see himself receiving fistfuls of uprooted flowers, serving as words left unsaid.

It was silly thoughts like *flowers* that distracted him from the looming threat of the stagman. Will hadn't known what the monster truly could do to him until he had purposefully went too far. After all, the stagman was only really a mere thought, right? He was hurting himself.

A prickling around Will's shoulders told him that the stagman was listening to his thoughts. He was never alone. He could only imagine what sitting in your room by yourself and truly being alone would feel like.

Breathing in the old smell of the book he was reading, Will thought about his appointment with Doctor Lecter scheduled for tomorrow and was comforted. It would be a late appointment, though not so late that the unit would be closed to visitors. A quick checkout and then freedom for a sweet handful of hours. Doctor Bloom was very sweet, but she was not his therapist. Doctor Lecter knew what was best for Will. No one knew better for him.

Will had been ready all day, eating two meals in his coat and shoes and not minding at all the curious looks he received for doing so. He only smiled brightly at the nurses, thanking them chipperly and then laughing at them when they left. They were all so intrigued with him.

*"What an odd boy.."*
*"You hear him scream at night too?"*
*"Talks to the walls, that one.."*

Will loved to hear the nurses speak about him, almost as much as he loved turning bright, toothy grins upon them to unsettle their nerves. Watch the emotions change in their eyes. Dull, tired eyes. Scared of him.

Will was waiting for Doctor Lecter in the parlor when the man arrived, pen concealed in his hand as though eager to sign for Will's release. Will stood, but didn't move. He waited for Doctor Lecter to motion for him to come, after he had talked with the receptionist and finally given the papers. Will knew that the receptionist was aware of his restrictions. However, Doctor Lecter, a blend of charming and intimidating, convinced her to give him the proper paper rather quickly.

Will started to bolt to the man's side, then stopped short, flushing. He walked across the lobby properly and shoved his hands into his pockets so that he didn't touch the doctor.

"Good afternoon, Will," Doctor Lecter said, pocketing his pen so that he could open the door for the boy.

"Afternoon," Will responded, feeling his heart rate pick up slightly as he left the building.

"You'll be delighted to hear what I've planned for you," Doctor Lecter touched Will's elbow, guiding him to the car.

Will didn't doubt the words at all. He climbed into the passenger side of Doctor Lecter's car, surprised to find a large box of flowers seated in the back. Purple African violets, yellow begonias, pink kalanchoes and white hypoestes were arranged in pretty bunches, and the scent they created together was delightful. Dispersed among the bouquets, pink and yellow roses caught Will's bright eyes, and his chest buzzed with something foreign and sweet.

Doctor Lecter joined him in the car, and he watched Will admire the flowers out of the corner of his eye while he started the vehicle. The man didn't miss the quick breaths that passed the boy's parted lips, nor the way he leaned forward just a bit for a better, deeper inhale of the sweet air.

"Missus Pesti has been gifted a great many flowers this afternoon. We're going to make sure that she receives them." Doctor Lecter was saying as he began to direct the car away from the unit. Will was thoroughly confused by the time they reached the main road.

"When last I saw Missus Pesti, she was trying very hard to get an absurd amount of money in exchange for a bolt of fake silk," Doctor Lecter added with a look of distaste, "She is not a very nice woman at all, and she's very keen to scam naive people out of their salaries."

Will hummed to signal that he was still listening intently, even as he reached back to brush the delicate petals of a flower close to him. He jumped as a hat was dropped into his lap. Will picked it up to examine it: pastel blue and with a few mute blooms stitched onto the front.

"Would you like to play another game, Will?" Doctor Lecter asked him, and his voice was laden with wicked curiosity.

The fabric store was empty when Will entered, two bouquets in his arms and the blue cap on top of his curls. His heart was thumping in his chest, and he couldn't tell if he was imagining the shakiness in his arms. Missus Pesti didn't look very busy, merely standing at the desk in the middle of the store and blinking dumbly at the boy as he approached,

"Can I do something for you?" The woman asked.

Will shook his head and held the flowers out to the woman, "They're from a Mister Pesti," He said to her as she accepted them, "Aren't they lovely?"

"Oh, yes! What a nice surprise!" Missus Pesti gushed, looking the flowers over, "Is there a card?" She asked, sniffing them.

"Afraid not," Came Doctor Lecter's voice from behind the desk.

Will watched the needle enter Missus Pesti's neck, a smile pulling up his lips as she fell forward. He took away the flowers, afraid that she would crush them under her weight.

"Are they enough? Should I go get the others?" Will asked.

"Let me worry about that, put these on right now," Doctor Lecter handed Will a pair of gloves, "Then go and lock the shop door and turn the sign so that it reads closed."

Doctor Lecter hefted Missus Pesti into his arms bridal style and disappeared into the back of the shoppe. Will appeared there  not long after, waiting with Missus Pesti's unconscious body and the flowers for the doctor to return again. Doctor Lecter re-entered through the back door, a duffel bag on his arm and a cooler in his hand. Will felt giddy suddenly, bouncing lightly on the balls of his feet as Doctor Lecter began to take things out of the bag for them.

"Will they write about us in TattleCrime?" Will questioned.

"We haven't given them anything to write about yet," Doctor Lecter mused, opening the buttons on a long yellow rain slicker, "Here you are," He said, holding it open while Will stuck his arms through.

Will fumbled with the buttons, but eventually got them all, feeling quite silly in his blue hat and yellow slicker. Doctor Lecter was ready in less than a minute, stepping into a plastic suit and zipping it up over his day clothes with practiced hands.

"You will get your chance to bring your vision to light, but I'll have to open her up first. See what's good," Doctor Lecter was saying as he approached Missus Pesti's body with a black

tool roll in his hand.

Will bit his lip and nodded, more than happy to simply watch the doctor work for the time being. Doctor Lecter unfolded a large tarp to reposition the woman on, very gentle as he moved her. Trauma scissors were used to cut through her shirt and long line Spanx bra, leaving nothing but the stretch of her tan skin to work with.

Will crept close to watch as Doctor Lecter made careful work of removing the woman's liver, thankfully in adequate shape. It was wrapped cleanly and placed in the cooler. Afterward, Doctor Lecter removed his gloves and replaced them with new ones.

"What's first, Will? I expect you will need some help," Doctor Lecter watched Will as he stared at the woman, "You aren't feeling ill, are you?" He asked and bristled slightly.

Will shook his head, "No," Will swallowed and closed his eyes for a moment. He was trying to find his muse.

"What's first?" Doctor Lecter repeated, touching Will's face with a gloved hand and breaking him from his stupor.

"Her eyes," Will decided, moving to kneel beside Missus Pesti. He bit his lip and started to ask for help, only to close his mouth as Doctor Lecter had already moved to join him.

The air around them buzzed as they reconstructed the woman into something they thought fitting. Doctor Lecter was very careful and patient, and he never did anything more than suggest. This was for Will, and he was not in charge at that moment. He nearly dirtied Will's cheeks with blood many times as they worked, ignoring the urge to touch him. The boy seemed to blossom, opening up to his vision and gushing about the beauty she would surely be when they finished.

Doctor Lecter obeyed every command to cut, to remove, to place, even to scoot over when needed. Will was delicate as he placed pink roses in Missus Pesti's hollow eye sockets, even as he braided yellow ones into her blonde hair. He kissed her temple softly when he was finished, admiring the dead woman with a delighted smile.

Doctor Lecter couldn't see anyone but himself understanding the boy's mind. Anyone else would be terrified of his interests because they were odd, because they were *morbid* and because they weren't plain like their own. It takes someone wonderful like Will to appreciate the art that Lecter created, to delight in it.

"I asked Abigail to do what you asked me to- describing a corpse.." Will trailed off to gather his thoughts, "She described herself without realizing, I think."

"Oh?" Doctor Lecter handed Will a pair of fresh gloves. There was no need to smear blood everywhere.

"Abigail is very kind. She's my friend," Will went on as he changed his gloves obediently, "The stagman hates her. He's very jealous," He frowned.

"How silly. The stagman should know by now that you are mine as much as you are his," Doctor Lecter grabbed Will by his hand and pulled him to his feet, "There's no room for little girls, Will."

"Abigail isn't a little girl.." Will muttered.

"She can't be your friend. She doesn't understand you at all. You scare her," Doctor Lecter pressed, his voice eerily neutral despite the possessive hold he kept around Will's wrist.

"I don't scare her at all. I wouldn't hurt her. I-" Will winced and tried to wrench his hand from the man, "You're acting just like him- you're hurting me!" He exclaimed.

Doctor Lecter drew Will to his chest and released his hand, only to knock the hat from Will's head and grab a handful of his hair instead. A muffled whimper escaped the boy's lips, but it did nothing to stop what was happening.

"Darling," Doctor Lecter's voice was slightly rough as he released his hold on Will's hair and then smoothed it over.

Another whimper, and then an accepting sigh. Will's arms wound around the man's middle, holding them together. His eyes were wet, but no tears fell.

"You're jealous of her too," Will accused, pressing his cheek against Doctor Lecter's chest to hear the plastic squeak.

"I am not. I am protecting you. You're precious to me, Will." Doctor Lecter insisted.

"You don't want me to have a friend?" Will made to step away, unsurprised to find that Doctor Lecter tightened his hold again.

"You don't need her, you need me," Doctor Lecter grabbed Will's face in both hands, "You aren't listening to me. I gave you something rare today. A gift only you could appreciate. How can I be certain that you won't tell Abigail all about this? Do not be mistaken. Someone like her could never appreciate what we do." The man's tone was harsh as he spoke.

Will had begun to cry then, unable to shake the stagman from Doctor Lecter's form. They were no different, and Will was frightened by the idea. They were the same.

"No, no, no," Will muttered, reaching to touch Doctor Lecter's face.

Doctor Lecter grabbed Will's hand in a tight grip, stopping himself from being touched. He let the hand drop to the boy's side, pushing him away for the time being to gather himself. Betrayal bubbled inside of his chest, and it was *ugly.* He hadn't known what Will had seen, and he didn't know why Will watched him now with a forlorn look, surely struggling through the blur of tears.

"Let's finish," Doctor Lecter finally said.

Will sniffed and nodded, faltering slightly before moving to help Doctor Lecter move the body again. He tried not to be hurt when he was told to clean up instead. He folded the tarp,

careful to not let blood roll off of it. He shed his hideous slicker and put the hat back on because he was fond of it. He rolled the tools up and carefully put them back into the duffel bag. Will started to put the tarp and his slicker in as well, but stopped short, afraid that it would dirty it.

"Go ahead and put those in too," Doctor Lecter instructed upon return, stepping out of his plastic suit.

Will did as he was told, then held it open for the man to put his in as well. Doctor Lecter disappeared out the back door once again, taking the cooler and bag back to the car. Will perked immediately when Lecter returned with the rest of the flowers.

"I'm sorry that I was unkind, Will." Doctor Lecter spoke in a soft voice.

Will watched as the stagman's unforgiving antlers fell from his doctor's skull and clattered to the floor. He watched flowers bloom from the knobby horns and then disappear with a bitter smile.

"Could I have a kiss?" Will asked sweetly, staring at the soft petals of a begonia to avoid eye contact.

"Of course you can," Doctor Lecter responded in slight amusement of the bashful request.

Doctor Lecter wrapped his cool fingers around Will's chin, far more gently than he had touched the boy earlier. Will's warm face was tipped up, a sigh escaping parted lips when they made contact. The flowers tickled Will's cheeks as they kissed, and everything was forgiven. This was how it would be always. Will was certain.

"Come and see," Doctor Lecter spoke against Will's open mouth, his touch leaving the boy all at once.

Will followed close behind, warm and feeling so very loved. Will knew that the relationship between flowers and death dated back centuries ago. The dewy scent of the fresh petals efficiently masked the stench of decay, and so it became very popular. It has always been polite to send a mourning family a bouquet of flowers in place of condolences. *I'm terribly sorry that grandfather is beginning to stink, please, take these roses.*

Missus Pesti was spread on top of her glass desk, hands folded over her exposed breasts. Will felt a well in his chest at the sight. They had made this together.

To finish, they put the remaining flowers around where she lay, dispersed on the floor and on the desk. Will dug around in her purse and re-did her lipstick for her. She was finished.

"Her husband will be sad," Will stated, touching the ring on her left hand with his glove clad finger.

"Mister Pesti has been been cheating on her for nearly a year now," Doctor Lecter responded with an air of indifference, very busy with scrubbing any surface Will could have touched pre-gloves.

"Disgusting," Will muttered, feeling sorry for the woman.

Will took a flower and stuck it in his pocket to give to Abigail. Doctor Lecter saw this but said nothing.

It was evening when they arrived at Doctor Lecter's home, having decided that it would be just fine for Will to stay. Will was tired, and unwilling to part with the man, craving the peace that came with being near him. Will let himself be stripped of his clothes in the guestroom where they had laid Beverly. Doctor Lecter kissed the boy's chest as it was exposed, a soft press and then an inhale. Will smelled of flowers and Missus Pesti's blood. Missus Pesti's liver was chilling in Lecter's large freezer. Will had been very pleased with the idea of a special meal. To commemorate what they had done, what they would not regret.

Will fell into the bed, curling his fingers in Doctor Lecter's shirt so that the man fell on top of him. A warm kiss was pressed to Will's temple, a sigh of satisfaction leaving the boy at the feeling. Doctor Lecter moved to lay beside Will. Will wore one of his undershirts. Just to sleep in, he had said.

"When I turn eighteen, will I be able to leave the unit? Somebody told me that I could," Will asked.

"I believe so," Doctor Lecter's fingers pet Will's side, the shirt inching up the boy's hip, "If you are behaved." He adds.

"Will you wait?" Will spoke even softer, his voice wavering as though scared to ask.

"I will not," Doctor Lecter's hand spread on Will's back, "You misunderstand, cherub," He added, kissing the boy's frowning mouth softly, "I'll have you far sooner than that. Nobody there is helping you, are they?"

"No," Will whispered.

"No. We will leave. You'll never see that dreadful building again. Nor that *Abigail*.." Doctor Lecter swallowed, "We will make art. You will get better. You will get what you deserve,"

Will nodded, his eyes closed in near sleep, or pleasure. He threw a leg over Doctor Lecter's hip, clinging to him like a vice. Such promises, such sweet things.

"Do you love me, doctor?" Will touched the man's lips with his fingers, wanting to feel the words. He opened his eyes, his breath short.

"I do," Doctor Lecter said, kissing the pads of Will's fingers. His knuckles, his palm, beneath his wrist. Insisting that his words were true.

The doorbell rang loud throughout the house, followed by a persistent knocking. Doctor Lecter's eyebrows furrowed momentarily, and then he was leaving the bed, carried by his duties as a good man. A good psychiatrist that does not lay with his patients. Does not love them dearly, and does not rip terrible women's eyes out by their nerves to appease them.

Will sighed and turned over onto the warm side of the bed, quickly beginning to drift despite the noise from downstairs.

Doctor Lecter smoothed his clothes and hair down, peeking at himself through a decorative mirror before opening the door. He was unsurprised to find a fuming Doctor Bloom.

"Where is Will, Hannibal?" Bloom asked, pushing her way into the man's house with an irritated huff.

"Alana, please, Will is very troubled," Hannibal insisted as he closed the door, "He is sick to death of the hospital." His tone is nearly accusing.

"I told you very specifically that Will was not to leave the unit!" Alana sounded exasperated.

"I did what I saw best for my patient. Surely, you understand," Hannibal tilted his head in the slightest, wishing that Alana would protest his methods. The methods she insisted upon.

"You should *ask* me, at least," Alana crossed her arms, looked over her shoulder and then directly into the man's eyes, "You may be his psychiatrist, but I am ultimately in charge of his well being at the unit. I am a mother, and I know what the hell I'm doing!" She said.

"I wouldn't dare question your maternal intuition. However, I must express my concern.. Will told me at the start of our session today that he's nearing the point where he would severely injure himself, just to leave the unit and be put in a medical ward instead. He explained to me in great detail. Gruesome, really.." Hannibal's voice was impressively level.

Alana was quiet for several moments, appearing torn. Hannibal could see her thoughts as they played in her head. She wanted to keep Will safe, but she struggled with being unrecognized. She worked very hard for her position, Hannibal understands.

"Alana," Hannibal spoke again, moving to touch her shoulder very lightly, "Let him sleep. I'll take him back to the unit first thing in the morning." He suggested.

Alana nodded, her reluctance plain in her expression. She swallowed and looked towards the stairs a last time.

"This will not happen again. If I can't trust you, than I will take him back as my patient again," Alana warned, her last words of the night despite a firm 'goodnight' before she left.

Hannibal let the door shut behind the woman with a soft click before he locked it. His heart thrummed in his chest, and he held tightly to the door handle for a long time. He would see to it that Will never had another therapist that wasn't him again. Will was his. His delicious mind, his delicate body, his creativity, everything was Hannibal's. Alana was not the boy's mother, nor was she his therapist. She was nothing. The world means nothing to Will as long as Hannibal was to take care of him. Will would long for nothing, as he would have everything he could ever want. His freedom and sanity included.

Chapter End Notes

The first time I've had Hannibal addressed by his first name in the series. How fun.

# Sweet William

Chapter Notes

I have a tag on my Tumblr where I group my inspiration for this fic, and if you're interested there's an image of Hugh that I model Will after, among other things: http://militaryreflexes.tumblr.com/tagged/black-markets-golden-boy

Also, isn't Sweet William beautiful? Lovely colors.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

## *Gallantry*

Will shifted and then arched his back into an aching stretch, chapped lips parting in a sigh. He had slept very hard, and yet, the sun had not begun to show it's face. He was in Doctor Lecter's home, wearing his shirt, and comfortable in one of his guest beds. As he slipped out of the unmade bed, he peeked at the wall clock, watching it distort in his blurred vision. He rubbed his eyes and allowed his blood to circulate before he picked back up on his journey down the hall. He had not yet seen the doctor's bedroom, but it was not hard to find. The door was left wide open, presumably for Will.

Will didn't try and quiet his steps, allowing himself to step on each floorboard without fear of them creaking. The sheets rustled as the boy climbed into the bed, curling towards the waking man and touching his bare back with cold fingertips.

"William," The voice was thick with sleep, a grumbling thing that brought the hairs on the back of Will's neck to stand.

"Doctor," Will responded softly, stroking Doctor Lecter's warm skin lazily.

Doctor Lecter turned over and enveloped Will into himself, feeling him settle against his chest. Will listened to the man breathe for a few moments, blinking wide awake into the darkness. He knew that Lecter's room was surely beautiful, even more so than the rest of his home. Will licked his lips and brought his hand to cover Doctor Lecter's. He wanted to kiss the man's knuckles, bring them to his cheeks and feel himself stroked by them there. Such beautiful hands Lecter had, steady and graceful. Will could tell that the man was mostly awake, his breathing no longer that heavy, lulling pattern that occurred when one was asleep, or trying to be.

Will wiggled, canting his hips so that he could press his behind to Doctor Lecter's pelvis, wanting to feel him there. He laced their hands together and began to press against his own

stomach to aid the next gyrating movement backwards, feeling Lecter breathe against his neck and curls.

"Are you tired?" Will asked, almost whispering as though scared to disrupt the peace within the house.

"Does it matter to you?" Doctor Lecter said.

"Not really," Will breathed, truthful.

Lecter brought himself to sit up, curling his fingers under the hem of Will's shirt to pull it over his head. Will leaned up just enough for this to be done, before falling back against the mattress and drawing Lecter's hands back to his body. Doctor Lecter stroked Will's sides, hearing the boy squirm against the sheets, and feeling his stomach tremble anytime his fingers brushed there.

"Beautiful boy," Doctor Lecter mumbled, "Perfect, *impossibile, magnifica cosa.."*

Doctor Lecter pushed a hand into Will's underwear, stroking him softly to hear him sigh. Will spread his legs in encouragement, dragging his underwear down his hips to give the man room. Doctor Lecter squeezed the boy's sex softly, thumbing the sensitive head. A soft whine pulled from Will's throat at the feeling, dragging his hands flat along his own body, hoping to prompt the man into repeating the action. Doctor Lecter stroked Will's hipbones, pausing to scent the arousal that permeated the air around them.

Lecter ducked his head to kiss Will's soft stomach, lipping his skin greedily. *His Cyparissus*.. Another inhale, another slow drag of his tongue, another delightful shiver from the boy beneath him. Will held Doctor Lecter's face in his hands, touching the man's ears with his thumbs and pressing hard each time he felt teeth.

Doctor Lecter moved down Will's body, sucking the boy's navel so that Will laughed, the noise dying into a high moan as Lecter's lips at last found his cock. Slow, a tight suction that never faltered as Lecter took Will deeper, the grip on his ears leaving in favor of his hair. Will took full advantage of Doctor Lecter's unstyled hair, pulling the silvery strands tight in his fingers. He panted, pushing against the hands that pinned his hips to the bed, wanting to fuck the slick heat that trapped him cruelly. Doctor Lecter's nails bit into the boy's skin as he tongued the weeping tip and kissed the side of the boy's length wetly, lavishing him.

Doctor Lecter's mouth abandoned Will's cock completely, his lips brushing the inside of the boy's thighs before biting into the soft flesh. Will jerked and cried out, his legs beginning to tremble in the slightest.

"Again," Will said softly, licking his lips.

Doctor Lecter did, sucking the harsh mark so that it would reveal a bruise in the light. Will whimpered,

"Nobody will know," Will reminded in his breathless voice, pressing his thigh against Doctor Lecter's cheek, "You could tear me open with your teeth and nobody but us would know

about it- oh," He sighed at the scrape of teeth, a warning.

"You want so badly for me to rip you apart, and I cannot understand why.." Doctor Lecter muttered.

"You want it too," Will said back.

"Turn over," Doctor Lecter commanded.

Will swallowed and did as he was told, propping himself up on his forearms and drawing his knees up. He listened as Doctor Lecter moved around, turning a lamp on and then opening a drawer. Will chewed on his lip and dropped his head, feeling exposed now that there was light. Doctor Lecter rejoined him on the bed, unable to resist kissing Will's knobby spine.

Will sucked on his lower lip as Doctor Lecter coated his fingers in lube. The substance was warm when it was spread on Will's entrance. Will flinched as the tip of the first finger breached him, thicker than one of his own. Doctor Lecter put a hand on Will's lower back, rubbing in a calming gesture while he worked the finger inside. Doctor Lecter was very patient, opening Will up just enough to fit a second finger before moving them in deeper. Will grunted at the feeling, lifting his ass to accommodate the wiggling digits to no alleviation. Will whined, feeling frustrated.

"Be very patient with me, cherub," Doctor Lecter spoke, twisting his fingers in deeper.

"Just put it in," Will grumbled, pressing back against the fingers with another grunt.

"You don't want that," Lecter said.

The doctor began to work another finger in before Will could argue with him further. Lecter spread his fingers, pleased when Will's entrance stretched slightly around them.

"I want it now," Will said, "Please," He remembered to add after a beat.

"You'll have to be specific, Will," Doctor Lecter responded as he continued to stroke Will's inner walls, delighted at the way Will clinched around his fingers.

"Fuck me." Will spat, clenching his teeth because he feared being struck.

"Careful," Doctor Lecter chided.

Will could have sobbed at the tone. So composed, like the man could sit behind Will and finger him until he was raw inside.

Doctor Lecter's fingers slipped free, leaving Will to squeeze around the emptiness between his legs. He flipped back over without being told, watching as Doctor Lecter slicked his sex. Lecter leaned over Will to press his lips to the boy's cheekbone, lingering as he lined himself up with his entrance. Will pulled his knees up to help, sighing as the doctor pushed inside of him. Lecter continued to kiss Will's face and the side of his warm neck, perhaps attempting to distract the boy long enough to conceal himself completely.

Will groaned at the pressure, huffing through his nose. This was more drawn out than their last time together had been. Will felt as if he had hardly known the doctor at all when he had demanded he fuck him for the first time. Yet as he laid beneath the man now, he still knew hardly anything about him. That didn't matter to Will, however, because he needed Doctor Lecter to move. Immediately.

"Do it," Will commanded, fisting the sheets in his frustration.

"Say please, darling, don't be rude," Doctor Lecter responded, gentle and amused.

"Please, fuck me. Hard." Will was deliberate with both his words and brash crudeness.

Doctor Lecter hummed his discontent, but otherwise obliged. He touched Will's face sweetly, before bracing himself on the mattress so that he could give him what he wanted. Will reached out for the man, drawing his arms to his shoulders as he was hit into. As per request, Lecter was not gentle in his pace, despite having wanted to be sweet and slow that morning. They had done quite enough of that, according to Will.

Will panted hard, digging his fingertips into Lecter's slick skin and voicing his encouragement. Doctor Lecter spoke to him, but Will couldn't decipher the words. Doctor Lecter wanted to bite the writhing boy's neck, to mark him so that everyone knows he'd been had. What would Alana say to that? Her little Will.. Insufferable, sweet Will. A second son to her. Below Lecter and begging with his precious mouth, *harder, please, need it so deep-*

Doctor Lecter nosed at the boy's neck, lapped at his slick skin and moaned. He teased Will's cock, fondling it as it bobbed with his thrusting. Will whined in response and reached to touch himself, joining Lecter's hand and tightening the man's grip on himself.

"Please," Will breathed.

Doctor Lecter was unable to deny the boy any longer, his sweet flush and hooded ocean eyes persuasive enough. He jerked Will's cock in time with the pace of his thrusts, using Will's precum to bring him off. Will came with a shaky cry, his hips rolling against Lecter's to keep him in deep, to make his head spin. Lecter's lips twitched into a smile at the lazy way Will continued to meet his thrusts, squeezing around his sex to aid his own orgasm. Will moaned weakly each time his abused prostate was struck, feeling spent and tired again. Lecter finally allowed his own climax, though he chose to come over Will, rather than inside of him.

The boy was still beautiful, ruined and used and with slick almost up to his nipples. He seemed almost asleep, his chest heaving and his hot breaths quick. Doctor Lecter would have kissed him, wanted to have kissed him when they started, but didn't. Perhaps when they had brushed their teeth. When they had showered.

"Hannibal," Will said, catching the man off guard for a moment.

"Yes?" Hannibal had wondered when Will was going to address him by name, rather than his profesional title. Their relationship was anything but, however Hannibal had not ever planned to ask that Will address him the way he had. A pleasant surprise.

"Were you being serious when you said that we would leave? That you would take me?" Will asked, suddenly shy.

"Deadly," Hannibal responded, grabbing Will's hand to hold against his face, "Will, I would love to pack you away and take you out of the country this very morning,"

"Why don't you?" Will questioned.

"I have things to do before I leave.. and wouldn't you like to see your parents? You may never see them again, if that's what you want," Hannibal kissed Will's hand, marking his words.

"You're right," Will sat up with a cringe, the come on his body cooling and uncomfortable, "Where will we go?" He asked.

Hannibal took Will into his arms, wanting to wash the boy himself. He hummed as though thinking, nearly cradling Will until they arrived to the bathroom, where a large tub beckoned them both.

"Italy?" Hannibal proposed as he began to run the tub.

"Italy," Will said thoughtfully, "Oh, can I tell you something interesting?"

"Always." Hannibal insisted.

"During World War two, the Dutch royal family fled to Canada, and that's where Princess Margriet was born.. To say thanks the Dutch government sends tens of thousands of Tulips to Canada every year," Will spoke to the ceiling.

"Are you presuming we go to Canada?"

"No, I like your idea better," Will sat on the edge of the tub, shivering as Hannibal took a wet rag to his stomach.

"Italy then," Hannibal said.

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Will was greeted outside the unit by Abigail and a surprisingly docile stagman. He handed her the crushed flower from his pocket, frowning at it's state. Abigail did not care at all that it was ugly, only that it had once been beautiful and intended for her. They went inside to read, because Will knew that soon Doctor Bloom would ambush him. He nearly suggested they hide.

The stagman crooned in his ear as he read to Abigail from a large and ripped copy of *Tempest*. Abigail listened with an amused ear, holding the crushed flower out to the stagman for him to inspect when instructed by Will. People had begun to look at Abigail as they did Will, wondering if she was like him. Will thought they were stupid.

Doctor Bloom came to them at lunchtime. Abigail was polite, not looking up from the book she held as Doctor Bloom expressed her anger with Will. Abigail had not known that Will was gone until she asked for him that morning. Now she knew where he had gone. She wouldn't ask him about the flower until Doctor Bloom left. Abigail put the crushed flower in her book to use as a mark. It looked sweet against the yellowing pages.

When she leaned close, Abigail could smell lavender on Will. She waited until Will realized the quiet of the room before she asked,

"Where did my flower come from?"

"Doctor Lecter took me with him on an errand. He bought a bouquet for his office," A half-truth.

"Did you get your gift?" Abigail asked.

"Oh, yes," Will smiled, pulling his legs up in the chair.

"And?"

"Lovely."

Abigail hummed, not quite content with the answer. She pursued her lips and didn't ask for further information. It seemed one of Will's imaginary friends had snagged his attention again anyway. Abigail wondered why Doctor Lecter had not prescribed Will anything for his hallucinations yet. A gift would mean he cared for Will, right? His well being? Abigail felt discomfort settle in her gut as her brain continued to wonder.

"It will be Spring soon," Will reminded Abigail suddenly.

"Yes." Abigail said.

Will did reek of Doctor Lecter's soap, he found. The man had opened a new bar for him, indicating that he did not use it himself. It was creamy, with flowers made into it, some real. Will had been reluctant for it to be wet. It was so perfect.

*"Nonsense, soap is made to be used, Will,"* Amusement in the doctor's voice.

Will turned over in the bed so that he was on his back. It was dark outside, and Abigail had left him to go to sleep many hours ago. They had been in each other's company nearly all day.

The stagman had been hovering. He prodded Will, wanting the boy to show him, insisting that he see what had been done to Will's skin. It was his skin that Lecter had sunk his teeth into, not Will's. Will did not belong to himself.

"Equal parts," The stagman said as Will wiggled out of his jeans, "One for me, and one for the doctor,"

"None for me?" Beverly asked, though she appeared indifferent.

"Quiet, girl," The stagman hissed, his breath hot against Will's face.

Will swallowed, his pants around his calves. His light was off, but he found the bruises by digging his fingertips into his skin. He had seen them in the tub as well, tender as the rag dragged over them. The stagman's hands were cold on his stomach, his neck and thighs, phantom hands scratching at him everywhere.

"If he was not lying to you.. Will you leave with him?" The stagman asked, gnarled hands on top of Will's own as they passed over his body.

"I will." Will said.

"If he tries to get rid of us, will you let him?" An accusation.

"Yes." Will said.

"I knew it," Beverly said, her frown visible even in the darkness.

Will pulled his pants back up and pulled his comforter over his head, knowing that he would still hear them even there. His head began to throb, the pain a blanket over his forehead. He tried to imagine being in Italy with Doctor Lecter, far away from Baltimore and everyone they knew. Nobody would know about troubled, murderous teen Graham in Europe. Will Graham and his illness with him would be left to die in the unit. The thought brought a feeling of peace and longing deep inside of him.

"Don't kill us, Will, you'd miss us terribly," Beverly's soft voice came from outside the blanket, breaking through Will's quiet thoughts. Unsettling him again.

Will ignored her and rubbed his cheek against the mattress in order to soothe himself. He thought of his mother and her kind eyes, the same color blue as his. The same color blue as Abigail's. He would call his mother in the morning.

---

Will had waited all morning for Doctor Bloom's guest to leave her office. He took his breakfast tray into the hall and ate beside Bloom's closed door just in case it opened again. Will held the empty tray our to a nurse when he passed by. A look of mutual distaste was shared, and then Will was alone with Beverly again. They both looked up when Doctor Bloom's office door finally opened, revealing a pretty mousy faced woman and Doctor Bloom herself.

"Will, what are you doing?" Doctor Bloom asked, crossing her arms in amusement, "Margot, this is the infamous Mr. Will Graham," She said with a smile.

Will stood up and smiled at Margot, remembering her name. This was Margot Verger, Doctor Bloom's-

"Your wife!" Will beamed, pleased to have finally met her.

"That's me," Margot smiled, "I've taken up enough of your time, darling, I should be going," She said, kissing Alana soundly before casting another smile to Will, "See you around, Will."

"Goodbye, Miss Verger," Will said politely, moving out of her way so that the woman could leave.

"Come in," Doctor Bloom said, guiding the boy in with a delicate hand on his shoulder, "What's up?"

"Why was she here?" Will asked.

Doctor Bloom plopped into her desk chair, leaning back with her ankles crossed, "I forgot my bag. She came to return it and we got carried away talking," She divulged.

Doctor Bloom had not yet re-buttoned the top button on her blouse, and Will averted his eyes before she noticed. He didn't want to embarrass her. He was happy that Doctor Bloom had a good marriage. A good marriage was warped in Will's head, but he knew what was right.

"She's very pretty," Will shifted to sit lopsided in his chair, "Could I phone my mom?"

"Of course you can. Should I get her number from your file?" Doctor Bloom moved to reach for it.

"No, I remember it, thank you," Will responded.

"Here," Doctor Bloom took the phone from its bed and sat it on the desk, "I'll leave you to it." She touched his arm as she left.

Will sat himself in Doctor Bloom's large leather chair and peered around her desk before he actually picked the phone up. He muttered the numbers as he punched them in, and then leaned forward on the desk as he waited.

"Yeah?"

"Mom."

"Willy!" The voice on the other line perked immediately at the word, "How are things in Maryland?"

"You would know if you visited me," Will responded, unable to stop himself.

"Oh, honey, I know. We just can never scrape up the time, you know it?" Molly Graham sounded apologetic. Genuine.

"I know it," Will muttered, "Where's dad?"

"Work, of course. Always work," Molly sighed, "I miss having my boys together at the house. I miss you, baby," She said.

"I miss you guys.. I've been seeing a new therapist. The one Doctor Bloom told you about. He's really nice, I like him. He's helping,"

"Great, that's really great. The sooner you patch up that brain of yours, the sooner you can get back here to me."

"It's a lost cause."

"You stop that. I love you."

"Love you too, mom.. Don't hang up."

"I'm not," Molly laughed into the receiver, a light sound that made Will sad.

"Anything new?" Will found himself asking.

"Actually.. I don't know if anyone's told you yet.. About that Korean girl you went with?"

"Is Beverly okay?" Will made himself ask. She perked at the sound of her name.

Will gazed at her, then watched as her face fell again. She knew.

"We don't know. She's been missing for weeks."

"Oh," Will paused, staring at the girl sitting across from him, "No-" He cleared his throat, "No body..?"

"Nothing. I'm sorry, Willy, I know she was your friend-"

"Why are talking about her like she's dead? You said it already, we don't know anything."

Except, she was dead. Beverly was dead and with her hair in knots, somewhere in the ground rotting. Yet, she was also sitting pretty as a doll right in front of him. Will caught himself in a near confused whimper. Beverly was crying, her tears red and staining her cheeks. Her neck bled again and her skin had gone green. Will looked away.

"Right, I'm sorry. For everything. You sound so sad, Will. What are they doing to you over there?"

"Trying to get me better, I guess.. I gotta go, mom."

"Okay, baby, I love you. We'll come and visit you soon, alright? Real soon. There before you know it." Molly sounded sincere.

"Bye."

Will put the phone back in it's bed and slumped in his seat. Beverly was gone. He thought maybe it was his fault. Will blinked away tears and squeezed his hands into fists. He should

be angry at Doctor Lecter, but how could he be? The doctor was going to take him away from the bland walls of the unit. From his parents who don't care to see him and can't remember the name of his only friend, but can her ethnicity. Beverly was a lovely young girl and he had killed her. He had watched Lecter slit her throat and seen Abigail as he had done it. He had watched the stag dash Abigail to pieces many times as they giggled about Shakespearean humor.

Will covered his face and wished that Doctor Lecter would come and snatch him up. Fast, so he didn't have time to think about the kind faces he was leaving behind. His parents, Abigail Hobbs, Alana and her pretty wife, Margot. Destroying his chance of ever having the pleasure of meeting their son. Burning every bridge and tie, starting a new with a cannibalistic, terrible therapist who had once planned to eat him as a meal.

Will screwed his face up and pushed out a shaky sigh. He didn't mind. Doctor Lecter saw beauty in him. Will had once wanted to scream that he would *die* for the man, that he would perish without him. It was all quite disgusting. He didn't mind. Will Graham would die. Beverly Katz would die for good along with him, and alongside them, the king of Will's despair. The great and terrible stagman, who ruled Will's illness and forever loomed over his shoulder. Death to them all.

Will would not miss them.

Chapter End Notes

I couldn't stop seeing Molly as Will's mom. She fits the ideals, yes?

# Tarragon

Chapter Notes

> This chapter marks the end of our time in Baltimore.
> I promise to try and keep the last chapters quite lengthy. You all have come so far with me and this atrocious thing.

*Lasting Interest*

Will lounged in the grass beside where Abigail lay on the scratchy sheet they had placed on the ground. He read to her from *Tempest*, beginning where she had marked their place with her flower. The air was sweet with grass and pretty flowered weeds, the scent Will had forever associated with early Spring. He toed Abigail's jelly sandals as he read, idly wiggling into one as far as he could fit before sliding out and starting again. Abigail's eyes were closed against the sun, her ginger hair spread like a halo around her head, pale skin bright in the daylight like she was an angel. Will had waited long for Spring, eager to be able to sit outside like this and keep far from the unit all day, as long as he was able. It had been a month since Doctor Lecter had promised him a permanent escape, and he had waited eagerly for the day to come, and eventually his wait had met with the changing season. It delighted him.

"Are you two allowed to be out here?"

Abigail opened her eyes to look at the nurse, a new cigarette between his fingers as he looked at the two of them questionably. She sat up and smiled with a nod, "Yes."

"Says who?" He sounded skeptical.

"Says Doctor Bloom," She responded smartly.

"Take your smoke break over there, would you? The air was so pleasant," Will held the book over his nose, to Abigail's amusement.

The nurse left them with a huff, taking himself back toward the unit. Not as far away as Will would have liked for him to go, but he knew that the employees would get in trouble, should they smoke to close to the doorway. Perhaps smoking should be regulated, Will thought before picking back up with his reading. Abigail stretched and laid back down. Eventually, Will set the book down to join her, pressing his cheek to the warmed sheet and laying on his stomach. They had been outside for quite a while, however neither of them planned to get up any time soon. Plenty of people had passed their blanket, placed in the center of the yard, visible by passing traffic and anyone sitting in the waiting room. Everyone was curious- what

made those two special? The answer was absolutely nothing. Other patients, with permission of course, could join them in the pleasant weather, and the friends even wished that they would. They found that the sunshine helped their mood. They had waited so long to be able to do this.

They both looked up at the sound of approaching feet, fearing that it was the annoying nurse again, however they were pleased to find Doctor Bloom's amused face. She was taking advantage of the weather in her own way, trading her feminine suit for a knee length skirt and white blouse. She had her purse on her arm and sunglasses perched low on her nose, indicating that she was leaving the unit soon.

"Would you two like to join me and Margot for lunch this afternoon?" Doctor Bloom asked.

"Yes?" Will turned to Abigail, pleased when she nodded, "Yes." He confirmed with a smile.

"Run and put your things away and we'll go and eat," The woman instructed, watching as the two scrambled to oblige.

Will was able to see Margot as they parked, the woman already seated at a table outside of the cafe with a drink in front of her. A pair of sunglasses sat on top of her head, serving as a headband as they held her bangs for her. Beside Margot sat her son, clutching a juice cup in his pink hands. He waved enthusiastically at Doctor Bloom as she approached, squealing at the sight of his other mother. Abigail and Will walked at a leisurely pace behind Doctor Bloom, not making an effort to match her speed as she eagerly walked to meet her child, lips stretched in a grin. She kissed her wife, the two not caring that they had taken a bit of each other's champagne and crimson lipstick as they did. Margot wore the red smudge in the middle of her lips as one would an accessory, watching with a smile as Alana took their son into her lap.

"Abigail, Will," Margot greeted the two as they sat down, "I guessed," she went on to say as a waitress sat a glass of lemonade in front of them both, and a water in front of Alana.

"This is perfect," Abigail assured her as she stuck a straw in her own glass.

Abigail and Will were quiet as the two women spoke to each other, content to smile at passing people and make faces at the boy in Alana's lap. Lunch was probably longer than it usually was for any of them at the table. Perhaps it was the mix of pleasant weather and dear company. Abigail was very reluctant to leave Alana's son by the time they were leaving, holding the toddler in her lap with a look of adoration in her eyes. The boy spoke to her as though she were his best friend, and anyone that would speak to him usually was his best friend at the time. Will had become close to the child as well, welcoming the death hold that his little hand kept on his bunched fingers.

"Bye-bye, Morgan," Will and Abigail kept repeating until they were within the confining car, where they continued to wave at the child until they were out of the parking lot.

"He's so cute," Abigail wailed, making Will laugh and Alana beam with pride.

Will would remember the entire day as one of his most cherished memories he kept of his favorite girls. He sat in the car ride feeling very pleased to have met Morgan, kept company with Doctor Bloom and her wife, and Abigail. All without the distraction of the stagman, or even Beverly. He could have cried at such a simple and enjoyable day. It felt un real. He would gush about it to Doctor Lecter at their next appointment, which would be the next day.

Will took his appointment with Doctor Lecter outside, unwilling to stay inside after yesterday had been so lovely. He walked the grounds quite close to the man, wishing that Lecter would put his hand on his back in the paternal way that he sometimes did.

"How is your pre-Italy work coming along?" Will finally asked after he had finished telling of the day before.

"Nearly finished. I'm impressed with the patience you have shown, Will. I think you should be rewarded, don't you?" Doctor Lecter responded, his tone cool.

"Yes," Will nodded fervently, eager to created again.

Doctor Lecter had printed out any TattleCrime article that mentioned their work, keeping his promise that he would. The articles were brought to Will for him to read, and each one was met with the boy's delighted bouncing as he read. So pleased for their art to be recognized, to share a platform that people like the Chesapeake Ripper had ruled for what seemed like ages. Will couldn't figure out why Doctor Lecter enjoyed for them to be compared to his work.

Doctor Lecter held the door open for Will to enter the enclosed garden through the back, as he had requested they do before their session started. Will touched the new plants, cradled them with his fingertips until Doctor Lecter made him stop.

"I'd say that we could leave within two weeks. Does that sound satisfactory?" Doctor Lecter asked.

"Satisfactory enough," Will said, unable to stay from being at least a little difficult.

"Have you seen your parents yet?" Doctor Lecter guided Will to be seated on the bench, before joining him.

"I talked to my mom, like a month ago.." Will muttered.

"Not enough. I will tell Doctor Bloom to arrange a visit with your parents this week. How absurd.. You are their only child," Doctor Lecter said with an air of distaste. He frowned at Will's responding hum, neither an agreement nor a protest.

"I want to be put on antipsychotics," Will suddenly announced, turning the conversation sideways at once.

Doctor Lecter appeared surprised for just a moment before he collected himself again to ask, "Is there any particular reason why you think now would be the best time? You have waited a very long time to ask for them."

"I want everything to be different."

"Tell me what you mean, Will."

"I have done some of the most terrible things since I have met you. I put myself in danger by attaching myself to you. I wanted you to kill me, because I feared that if you spared me I would spend my life trying to die so that I didn't ache for you. I tried to kill myself as a result. I ended up in here. My head is plagued with disgusting creatures. They clear when I'm with you, and it's like my limbs sing with the nearness. Then you leave, and I am clouded by *him* again. Anti-lover. It's disgusting, don't you see?"

"William-"

"Your job is to listen, doctor," Will interrupted, placing a hand on top of Doctor Lecter's, "I want to leave with you more than anything I have ever wanted. I want to die and live again as someone without Will Graham's problems.

"You still have one last chance to kill me and create something beautiful with my body. Rip Will Graham from the surface and take what's underneath. Clean, new, fresh and ready to stay with you and be yours. Only yours for as long as you can tolerate me. Then kill me again. Start over if it's what you desire." Will's voice had dropped into a whisper, clutching at the man's hand like a lifeline as he spoke to him, eyes focused like a bug on a light. Mutual adoration folded around the pair like stuffy air, the scent sickeningly sweet in the doctor's nostrils.

"Will," Doctor Lecter breathed, turning his hand over on top of Will's before grabbing his face in both of his own hands, "You belong to me, and I to you. If you want to die as you are and become someone new, you will have that. I will give you everything you ask of me, and I will never let the beastly things you describe to me take hold of you as I have you now. Do you understand me, boy?"

Will spread his hands over Doctor Lecter's, nodding his approval, confirmation and obedience all at once. His lips were parted and his chin tilted wantonly toward the man's face despite himself, flushed and alight with intense hormones.

"Stop that," Doctor Lecter spoke lowly, gliding his thumb over Will's bottom lip.

Will's eyes lowered as his tongue pressed Doctor Lecter's thumb, a whine catching in his throat. The man's eyes followed the movement of the wet muscle, feeling his cock twitch within the confines of his pants. Will smelled  delightfully of hormones, a bundle of youthful desire and utter trust.

Will shuddered, feeling his sex press against his jeans uncomfortably. He was wet at the tip, likely beginning to form a patch on the front of his underwear. Doctor Lecter stirred at the change in Will's scent, embarrassment now curling amongst the heated desire. He took his hands away from the boy and folded his hands in his lap.

"You have promised me so many things, Hannibal," Will allowed himself to utter the man's first name, though his voice remained quiet.

"I will deliver each of them," Hannibal responded, "Take that as another promise, if you'd like."

Will shifted, wishing that he could reach inside of his pants and adjust his erection. He imagined taking his sex out and spreading his legs for Hannibal to drink in as he moved his hand on the flesh. Both doorways to the garden were hardly secure, and the nice weather nearly begged for people to step out and enjoy the garden as well. Will could beg too. He would get on his knees, risking scraping them on the concrete floor as a small group formed around them to watch. Will's little show was far more interesting than the flowers.

"William," Hannibal broke through his thoughts, his voice a rumbling purr that made Will's lip tremble.

Hannibal wanted to tell Will that he reeked of desire. That the salty fluid gathering between the boy's legs was all that he was able to focus on. Will waited to be spoken to, his lower lip trapped between his teeth as he gazed at the man. Sin sin sin sin sin.

Hannibal's nostrils flared, memories of Will spread out flush before him, his blue eyes holding the desire they did now. Aroused by his possessiveness, of his command, simple nature in response to the boy opening up to him. Like he was supposed to. He was Will's therapist.

Sin.

"Doctor Lecter?" Will spoke.

"Forgive me. I believe our time is up," Hannibal said. Will swallowed.

Will slammed the door to his room shut with him on the other side, fingers trembling as he worked hard to get his pants around his knees. He was sticky, beads of precome slick between his fingers as he used it to masturbate. He grit his teeth and panted through his nose, moving his palm along the reddened skin.

"Fuck," Will breathed, coming with a shaky noise behind his hand.

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Doctor Bloom, instructed by Doctor Lecter, did end up phoning Molly Graham and asking that she and her husband come and visit their son at the unit. Lecter had expressed that he thought Will had begun to feel abandoned, and that a visit would be good for him. Bloom immediately was in agreement, making a mental note to call Missus Graham sometime the next day. Lecter suggested she do it that exact day. She didn't, but it doesn't matter.

As a result, Molly Graham drove to Baltimore within that week, entering the unit wringing her hands and with her husband Harris lagging behind. She spoke in a quiet voice to the

receptionist, knotting her fingers in front of her breasts. She felt silly for being so nervous to see her own son. The receptionist was kind to her, paging Doctor Bloom and then gesturing for the couple to sit in the parlor.

Doctor Bloom appeared soon after, guiding Will with a hand between his shoulder blades into the parlor. Will and Molly made eye contact at the same time, eyes a wide ring of the same blue at the sight of each other. Will's father was watching the television mounted on the wall.

Will prepared himself for impact as Molly pushed herself out of her chair, ballet flats slapping the ground as she went to her son. She enveloped him around the waist despite the boy being nearly a head taller than herself. She touched his grown out hair and nearly cried at the sight of his tired face.

"Hi," Will said weakly, his arms locked around the woman. Doctor Bloom's touch left him.

"I'll need to talk to you guys when you're all caught up," Doctor Bloom notified them, "Is that alright?" She asked Will. She left them with a smile after he nodded.

Harris had finally gotten up to greet his son, clapping him on the back just a little too hard. His lips twitched into a smile at the action. He did try. He hadn't expected a hug from his father anyway.

Will felt troubled during the entire visit, his chest welling painfully each time Molly hugged him. Again, and again. Too many apologies, too many I love yous. Will felt as though they somehow knew he would be leaving for good. He pondered a mother's attachment to her child as he feigned attention to Molly while she spoke. They talked very briefly about Beverly, about his father's work performance, about Spring, and then they decided it was time to see Doctor Bloom. Will had expected that Bloom be more reluctant to leave him with Molly. How silly.

Will guided them to Doctor Bloom's office with his hand in his mother's. He knocked on the heavy door and listened to Doctor Bloom approach with a lump in his throat. Everything felt so odd. He wondered how terrible it would be if he slipped away to be with Abigail. He wanted someone who wasn't Molly to hold him.

As it turned out, Doctor Bloom had not quite been calling Molly as often as she should have been. Molly wondered why her updates on her son had been fewer in number as of late, and Bloom did apologize. She was very busy. Will knew that she was important around the unit, but Molly did not. She took some convincing. Will kept looking at the clock on the wall. It was late morning. Where was Abigail? Was she so lonely without him to read to her? Was the stagman with her?

"Willy?"

Will blinked and turned to address his mother, sorry that he zoned out. Molly gave him an amused look.

"We were talking about the possibility of you leaving the hospital, Will. I believe that you've flourished under Doctor Lecter's care," Doctor Bloom recapped the conversation.

Will swallowed and slumped in his chair. He shrugged. No, he didn't want to leave the hospital. Not unless Doctor Lecter was taking him out of it.

"When?" Will asked.

"Well, it would take a while. First we would need the proper papers from your psychiatrist. And the state.." Doctor Bloom quirked her lips, "You wouldn't want to go back to school, would you?"

"God, no," Will shook his head.

Doctor Bloom smiled at that, before returning her attention back to Will's parents. Will began to zone out again despite himself. None of this was any concern of his. This little meeting with his parents marked the end for him. It wouldn't be long at all now.

It was afternoon when his parents left the unit. After a long hug with his mother and another brief touch from his father, Will was itching to leave the parlor. He had to remind himself not to sprint to Abigail's room. Running was no longer tolerated in the unit. It never was to begin with, but the rules had been tested often since Abigail and Will had become close.

Will flung himself onto Abigail's bed, disturbing her book and making her have to flip to find her page again. She was annoyed, but happy to see her friend.

"Has the stagman kept you in company?" Will asked, face down on the bed.

"Yes," Abigail said, though her nose had been in her book all day. She liked to try and finish big books in one day. A good challenge was refreshing in the unit.

"I think my mom bruised my arms squeezing me so tight," Will complained.

"Not your ribs?" Abigail teased.

"Oh, those too."

It was quiet for a beat, Will turning his head to look at Abigail's concentrated expression before he spoke again.

"They were talking about the possibility of me leaving the unit."

Abigail rubbed her thumb against the page she was on, pulling her lip in between her teeth to chew thoughtfully. She was a year older than Will. She had expected to leave the unit first.

"Possibility?" Abigail repeated.

Will sat up and took Abigail's book from her. He wrapped his arms around her middle and pressed his face to her stomach. He had no problems with tight hugs if he was on the giving end. Abigail pushed out a sigh. She was used to Will demanding her attention. She was happy to provide.

"What would you do if I left?" Will asked.

"I would be very upset," Abigail responded truthfully, petting Will's unruly hair.

"No," Will said, frowning, "You could leave too. Why are you still here? You're the most level headed person I know."

"People think I helped my dad kill all those girls. Doctor Bloom thinks I'm traumatized, the media still thinks I'm acting. You even thought I was acting. Everything's shit and if I leave, I have to face it." Abigail tightened her hand around a handful of Will's hair, careful not to tug.

"What about college?"

"My dad killed girls at all the colleges I applied to."

Will bit his lip. He wished that Abigail could go with them. He imagined a chord between them, stretching stretching stretching, until Will got too far away and it snapped. He felt it when it snapped in his head. It hurt. Doctor Lecter would never allow her to come. It hurt.

"Pretty, pretty robin, under leaves so green. A happy blossom hears you sobbing. Pretty, pretty robin near my bosom," Will muttered.

"Okay, weirdo," Abigail teased.

"William Blake!" Will announced, sitting up suddenly to look at his friend with wide eyes.

"Not familiar," Abigail said.

"Sad. Sad, sad, sad. I should have given you a book of poetry,"

"The book on cannibalism is just fine, thank you."

Will grinned, feeling a gush of affection for the girl before him. Strong and sweet, unbreakable despite having lost everything. She didn't belong here. Will would miss her. He wanted to tell her everything and have her cry. He had seen her eyes grow glossy with unshed tears, hurt embedded in the orbs the color of his own. He wanted that now. He wanted to cry with her. Against her bosom, like the robin.

Will settled for making her giggle as he recited more comedic poems. He would be sorry forever if those among his last moments with her consisted of making her cry. No matter how beautiful her tears made her.

As Will laid down in his own bed that night, he thought for a long time. His next choice was possibly far more dangerous than choosing to meet with a cannibal. This was choosing to allow a cannibal kidnap him. That's what everyone would call it.

"SCHIZOPHRENIC TEEN UNDER THE CARE OF  BALTIMORE PSYCHIATRIC UNIT MISSING- LAST SEEN WITH SUSPECT DOCTOR HANNIBAL LECTER"

They'd be gone before anyone could put two and two together. Doctor Bloom would angrily knock on Lecter's front door, then drive to his office and do the same. There would be nothing but empty space for her to confront. They would be gone. Doctor Bloom will feel an

ugly mixture of emotions churn in the pit of her stomach for a long time after that. She would have to phone Will's parents.

Will knew that Hannibal had been a very busy man the past couple of months, making sure that everything was in order for them. Will had been promised new things once they settled in Italy. He would put some of his own things into a backpack anyway. Things dear to him. Things he couldn't imagine leaving without.

Will's new identity was being kept a secret until he had to use his passport. He was eager to find out, but he trusted that Hannibal would do him right. Nearly everything except for their destination was to be a surprise to Will. They were going to Palermo. Hannibal was going to show him everything. Will was being entrusted with some of Hannibal's most fond memories. Will wanted to see all of Italy. Wanted Hannibal to show it to him.

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It was a lovely day. Another warmer Spring day with occasional chilly breezes. The weather was no different in D.C. He had been reluctant to enter the airport. Will held tightly to the straps of his book bag, wanting to hold Hannibal's hand. His baby blue hat was pushed low on his head, accompanying the new sunglasses he wore over his eyes. Hannibal was not trying to obscure his face, and Will was terrified because of it. Plenty of people knew who Hannibal Lecter was. Why did the doctor have to write so many papers? Attend so many social events? Be so charming?

"Breathe, Will. It's nearly time," Hannibal said to him, his hand curled around the handle to his suitcase. Many of his things would be privately shipped to their new residence under a false name. Will wondered if it was his new name.

The airport was loud, and Will felt like he was going to be swallowed up.  It was almost like going to Florida with his parents had been. Up so early just to catch a plane. He used to hate planes. The anxiety was still there.

"If you prefer it, I can give you something to calm your nerves." Hannibal broke his thoughts again.

"Is that a threat?"

"Of course not."

Will took off his sunglasses and wiped the nose piece with his shirt. He was sweating. Hannibal rubbed his arm in a reassuring manner and offered to go and get him a water.

"Don't leave me." Will responded.

Will wished that they could take a train all the way to Europe. Will had been lulled to sleep on the train ride to D.C. He found himself wanting to have woken up in Italy.

He wanted out of this airport. He wanted out of this country. He imagined crawling out of his skin and leaving it behind in the uncomfortable seat.

Will would only take his sunglasses off once they were seated on the plane. He turned away from the window as they began to leave the ground.

Abigail's session with Doctor Bloom dragged into lunchtime, so they arranged to meet with Margot again. Doctor Lecter had taken Will to his office sometime while she was asleep. She missed Will as she held Morgan's tiny hand and sipped a virgin strawberry daiquiri. Margot promised to make her a real one when she turned eighteen. Abigail wished that she was younger so that Margot and Doctor Bloom might have adopted her. Things would have been far easier if she wasn't nearly an adult.

Abigail joked with Doctor Bloom about Will's absence. Doctor Bloom teased about Will having a crush on Doctor Lecter. The next day they would remember their jokes and it wouldn't be funny. Doctor Bloom would remember all of the trust and faith she had put in her colleague. She would question her own abilities in her field for not registering the signs of dependence Will had shown with Hannibal. The warning signs. Why did Hannibal take Will away so often? He had Will's best interest at heart. Or his own.

As for Abigail, she would try and read *Tempest* and *A View From the Woods*, and give up because her tears obscured her vision. She would touch the dead petals of her flower and sob when she pressed too hard and broke off a petal. She would remember the uneasy feeling in her throat and stomach when Will gushed about his therapist. Like he was the most darling thing in the world. Presents.

Abigail would open *The Egyptian Guide to Cannibalism* the night that Will was officially reported missing. Freddie Lounds had interviewed her earlier in the day and Abigail knew that Freddie would write "Abigail Hobbs, daughter of the Minnesota Shrike and possible accomplice to his horrible crimes-". She had always loathed TattleCrime. There would never come a time that she didn't. Will had loved TattleCrime.

Abigail flipped through her book, her eyes ringed red and her stomach clenching with nerves. Sticking out among the glossy pages was a piece of yellow paper, something she had never seen until then. The ink was fresh, so it had to have been placed there within the week. Her heart sped up as she lifted the paper between her fingertips.

*"My dearest friend,*
*I love you and your beautiful eyes."*

# Peach Rose

Chapter Notes

Early update because I want to try and finish up this week since I have so much free time. I'm already churning something new lol.

sorry for any mistakes i missed while editing!!

*Immortality*

The gallery hummed with a blur of shared languages and warm lights. The event for the evening was open to the public, unfortunately making anyone susceptible to unwanted conversation with strangers. People often stood too close for comfort in places like these; friendly people full of sweet champagne wanting to discuss art and whatever else came to buzzing minds.

Hannibal Lecter was not in favor of the gallery, be it that particular gallery or night. He preferred events that required an invitation to attend, a certain style of dress. He was uncomfortable among Italian youth and foreign sight seekers, his eyes sharp against them as he searched for his company. The very reason Hannibal was even in attendance was nowhere in sight. Will could be such a nuisance.

"Are you looking for someone?" A woman asked, blissfully unaware of the way the man bristled before addressing her.

Hannibal fixed his face immediately, turning a charming smile upon the woman. She was young and obviously local to Palermo, all bright teeth and dusty freckles.

"I am. I seem to have lost track of my son," Hannibal said with an amused air as though this happened quite often.

"He will turn up," She told him with another bright smile, gesturing with a small hand motion before clasping them together almost bashfully.

Hannibal had hoped that she would move on after the exchange, but she lingered for a moment, ensnaring him. Hannibal had a lot of patience, but much of it had already been worn thin by Will that night. He waited for her to open her mouth again, anticipated it.

"I'm Chia," She offered.

"Thomas," Hannibal lied swiftly as he had time and time before, offering his hand to her politely.

Chia shook his hand and beamed, "Your Italian is great, but you're from somewhere else," She observed, careful as she continued, "May I ask where?"

"Certainly. My son and I transferred here from our home in France a little over a year ago." Hannibal said.

His pride and joy was the little story he had created for them both back in Baltimore. Will was always delighted when someone asked, always let Hannibal tell it in his perfect Italian.

"Really!" Chia nodded. Her breath was sweet in contrast to the salt on her skin, and her unwashed hair reeked of pomegranate vape and sweat.

"There he is," Hannibal said as Will approached them at last.

Hannibal felt a swell in his chest at the sight of the boy. Will was newly seventeen, the same lanky height but with a new sheen of happiness to his tan face. He was flush with excitement, nearly bouncing. He loved to force Hannibal to amateur art galleries and hole in the wall restaurants in the city. It was only fair seeing as Will was shoved into a suit and forced among lanky Italian socialites nearly every weekend.

"Jeannot," Hannibal said, voice a concealed warning.

Will wilted slightly, sheepish about wandering off and leaving Hannibal alone,

"You'll have to be patient, his Italian isn't very polished," Hannibal told Chia, though he wasn't chiding Will for it. The boy had spent the majority of the past year perfecting his French to a T, and Hannibal was very proud of him for it.

"See anything of worth?" Hannibal asked Will, transitioning to French smoothly.

"People, but not art," Will replied. He eyed Chia for as long was considered polite before pulling his lip between his teeth and averting his eyes again.

"You never see anything you want at these atrocious places, shouldn't you take that as a sign?"

"You're being rude, doctor. You're excluding your pretty friend from the conversation."

Hannibal pursed his lips together before turning to smile at Chia. She had been rubbing her arm awkwardly as the two exchanged in French. Hannibal knew that Will had no problem being pardoned from conversation. He enjoyed to be silent and observe people, the surroundings and anything else that caught his attention. His medication kept him wide eyed and content to ignore the invisible presences that hung over his shoulders. They had no names. Nuisances, if anything. He always felt them, never saw or heard them.

"Jeannot, Chia has asked you a question," Hannibal said with a gentle shake of his shoulder. Will blinked.

Chia giggled, unbothered. A daydreamer, she was thinking.

"Do you attend school?" She asked, slow.

"I am home schooled," Will responded simply. Chia was amused with his accented attempts. He smiled at her, amused himself by her girlish responses to his mistakes. Partly because some of them were purposeful.

"What a cutie, huh?" Chia grinned at Hannibal, full of good humor. Hannibal nodded to her.

Will studied Chia as she returned to conversation with Hannibal. Will was used to people seeking the man out based on his appearance. People were often curious about the retired French doctor and his shy son. Curious about the questionable way Will touched Hannibal so casually.

Will touched Hannibal's elbow softly, "I'm bored, can we leave?" He asked softly, making sure to pause for a break in the conversation. It was rude to interrupt.

Hannibal exhaled with a short nod, pleased to have an excuse to leave at last. They exchanged goodbyes with Chia before beginning to weave their way through the crowd to the door.

"Are you hungry?" Hannibal asked in English.

Will shook his head, tugging Hannibal behind him with a grasp on his hand. He wanted to go home and drink the wine Hannibal had bought them earlier. It had been chilling for hours, probably floating in melted ice on their counter top by then. Will loved to taste new wine. When they had first arrived and were unused to their new names, Will had sat down to his first meal with Hannibal that the man had not cooked himself. He was astonished when Hannibal had poured them both a glass of the sweet stuff. Nobody gave them a second glance.

*"You're legal to drink here,"* Hannibal told the boy with an amused smile.

Will remembered the instance with a small smile, sliding his hand into the pocket of Hannibal's light coat as they waited for a cab. People passed them by and nobody questioned why Will was settled so close to the older man, why he pressed his cheek to his shoulder. They didn't keep friends for a reason. Plenty of curious tourists knew their made up story, and a handful of people like Chia. People they knew they weren't likely to run into again. It was only a little game to them.

Will wanted to kiss him, knew it would be the ultimate taboo to do so in such a public place. On the side of the street, pressed together and waiting to be taken to *their* home. Will felt so in debt to the man. He was given nearly everything he wanted as they floated along on the ridiculous amount of cash Will hadn't known Hannibal possessed. He was a surgeon and a psychiatrist, of course he had *money,* but Will had never imagined Hannibal's past to be what it was.

Will felt Hannibal's gaze on him. He tipped his head up and smiled sweetly, relishing the amused sound he received. It was nearly as rewarding as Hannibal's smile. His hand slipped from Hannibal's pocket as they got into the cab, where Will gave in and pounced. He couldn't imagine what the cab driver had seen during his time, and certainly plenty of accounts such as their own. Will didn't care.

Hannibal's fingers rubbed at Will's carefully styled curls, sucking the taste of champagne from the boy's tongue. Lingers of everyone Will had come into contact with at the gallery clung to his collar; cologne and smoke and sweets. He wondered what Will had found more entertaining than his company back there. He nipped at Will's lower lip to hear him mewl, tugged at his hair.

"Were you so lonely?" Will teased, breath hot against Hannibal's lips.

"You aren't to wander off, William," Hannibal scolded lowly.

"Forgive me, *papa,"* Will whispered.

Hannibal squeezed Will's jaw in a mixture of annoyance and endearment. Will laughed breathily as he parted his lips to take Hannibal's finger into his mouth. He held the man's eyes as he worked his tongue against the digit, breathing through his nose in warm puffs. They played around with the word *papa*, tiptoed around it. Will had never been too bold, wouldn't dare use it's English equivalent.

Will kissed the pad of Hannibal's finger, abandoning his seduction to gaze through the window at their approaching home. Hannibal leaned forward to give their driver his due before opening the door.

Their home was not huge, it was alike those that surrounded it; beautiful and sufficient to them both. Bedrooms, a study, a library that still tickled Will to death to enter and know every book was his as well as Hannibal's. A kitchen thoroughly used by Hannibal and a modern parlor that connected by an archway. Hannibal furnished it without Will's opinion because he knew that Will cared only for the library. They worked together well that way.

It had been drilled into Will to always take his shoes and coat off after entering, taught to him alongside the other mannerisms the man insisted 'Jeannot' must learn. Etiquette, French, and a bit of sheet music accompanied Will's regular studies once they had been settled. French had been switched with Italian sometime ago, and it was always comical for Hannibal to look over his work and point out that Will had written *"pomme*" instead of *"mela"*.

Will was a thoroughly taught and kept boy, the very apple of Hannibal's eye. It wasn't until Will forgot to take his medicine and became a little on edge that Hannibal was impatient. Will didn't like to be without his medicine, and it was a devastation to suddenly see Beverly's hair in the corner of his eye, or God forbid the Stagman come into his field of vision. Hannibal wasn't above prying Will's lips open and getting the medicine into Will by force, as he had done this before.

Will chewed on his lower lip, sitting with his legs curled under himself as he waited for Hannibal to bring their wine. He heard the pop of the cork and jumped slightly despite

himself. Hannibal joined him in the parlor after that, handed the boy a glass to hold as he filled it for him. Will eyed the ruby liquid as it filled the crystal, recalling to mind the metallic scent of blood.

"Could we order some flowers soon?" Will spoke into his glass.

"What kind would you like?" Hannibal asked.

"Just some for decoration," Will looked to where their current floral arrangements were beginning to wilt. Will loved to keep flowers in the house.

"I figured as such. You often like to choose them yourself."

"You choose this time."

"I'll choose for the house and you can choose for whatever else you are currently spinning in your head," Hannibal hummed knowingly, "Hm?"

Will's lips twitched, not quite a smile. He reached for the forgotten bottle and observed the label, unsurprised to find he was unable to read it. It was a pretty bottle. Hannibal didn't allow him to keep empty wine bottles. He saw them as clutter and something else he had to dust.

"How can you decorate the way you do and not keep a few pretty bottles?" Will asked for the millionth time.

Hannibal didn't respond. Will set the bottle back down with an annoyed noise and drained his glass. The silence was making Will's skin crawl.

"Ever thought about putting flowers in them..?"

"Tacky."

Will covered his face in exasperation, giving up. He set his empty glass down beside the bottle and left to find a book. He wanted Hannibal to read to him in Italian.

Will presented the book to Hannibal over the back of the couch, trading it for his empty wine glass. He took both empty glasses to the kitchen, cradling them to his chest.

"Do you want to know what the book is about first?" Hannibal asked, flipping pages delicately as Will sat back down.

"It hardly matters," Will muttered as he tucked his arm in Hannibal's.

Hannibal indulged Will until they they were both too tired to stay awake. Will marked their page before they retired.

Hannibal didn't often indulge in over sleeping as he liked to have a firm grasp on his day. He felt at a loss to wake up and find that half a day was wasted. Will, however, woke with the sun to take his medicine and pitter around the house until his footsteps woke his partner. Breakfast was shared  and then Will's studies would begin if it were an odd week. On even weeks, they tried to have plans to keep busy.

"You mentioned ordering flowers yesterday," Hannibal remembered as he set Will's breakfast down, "Would you like to pick some up instead?"

"How crowded do you think La Vucciria will be today?"

"Oh, I would say quite packed."

Will hummed and went back to chewing. He would like to go to the *mercato* and buy his flowers based on the attributes of a new victim. If it was truly packed they would have no problem choosing, as there would always be unpleasant people. The markets were a goldmine for hunting.

"What are you thinking, Will?" Hannibal asked.

"I'm thinking about how I'd like it better if we chose a new target today. We could ruin the display if the flowers do nothing to compliment the centerpiece." Will responded.

"The flowers are no longer just for us then?"

"They're still for us. Do we make our art for anyone else but each other?"

"Hardly." Hannibal sounded fond.

Will appeared pleased by the response, the beginnings of a smile turning up his lips. He knew that Hannibal often let him use his own vision for what they did, because it fascinated the man. Will was a creature of Hannibal's own design, molded by his careful hands. Will blossomed beneath Hannibal's gaze, delighted to perform just for him as he worked with his hands. Elbow deep inside of a still body and carefully stripping the delicate meat to take home.

Will licked his lips and for a moment he wondered how he would feel if *anyone* could watch what they did. He and Hannibal had once watched a woman in a mask flay open a compliant boy. Broadcasted from an unknown source to so many curious people, all admiring the woman's skinny manicured hands work the boy open. Paying her to lick her fingers clean of her crimes. They enjoyed it, *needed* it. Will wanted that.

Will waited until they had cleaned the breakfast dishes and were dressing to leave before he brought it up. He cleared his throat beforehand, trying to summon the courage to ask. It was an odd request. Even as closeted cannibals.

"Do you remember Selcouth?" Will asked quietly.

Hannibal paused what he was doing to look at Will, studying him curiously for a moment before nodding, "I do."

Will swallowed and pressed his cheek against the door frame, "Could we try it?"

"Watching or participating?"

"Hosting."

"Oh?"

"I just- I feel like we would be good at it," Will confessed.

Hannibal gave this some thought. Will had once obsessed over reading TattleCrime, very eager to know what people were thinking about his own work. Perhaps, this was an attempt to replace the recognization that TattleCrime brought along. Hannibal was very proud of Will's creativity and skill, not unwilling to show him off. Selcouth was the perfect opportunity to do it.

"You would be good at it. However, people want to tell you what to do," Hannibal reminded him.

"They can pay to witness art. Like at a gallery." He bit his lip, "Nobody will be able to take over. Nobody shares our vision."

"You just want to be watched," Hannibal mused, drawing Will to him with an arm around his waist.

Will tipped his head up to be kissed, pleased when Hannibal obliged immediately. He escaped a moment later to go and retrieve Hannibal's laptop, as he assumed they needed to set up. This was proven to be correct as Hannibal pulled the familiar website up. Will watched from over Hannibal's shoulder as a "room" was created for them. Will eyed the broadcast option almost hungrily.

"It's weird how much the hidden web has effected us," Will pointed out as Hannibal was finishing up.

Hannibal closed the device with a flourish, "If we're going we better leave now. We can figure out the camera at a later time."

La Vucciria was alive with buzzing people and pleasantries when they arrived. The warm weather had drawn an even larger crowd than usual, each stall busier than they should have been able to handle. Will walked close to Hannibal, restraining from clasping his hands around the man's arm like a child. This particular market had far more diversity and selection, but they usually didn't come in favor of the less busy markets. Hannibal began to steer them in the direction of a large stall bearing produce. Will could breathe deeply the scent of cut fruit, where juice had dripped on the ground and gotten sticky. Sweet earth.

"I'm not going far," Will muttered to Hannibal, who was quite busy examining fruit. Will snorted.

Will bit his lip and stepped away from the stall to peek at the next. One step backwards and Will was allowing himself to fall into step with the current of people, bearing the sign beside the produce stall into his mind. Will jumped as someone grabbed his wrist in a light grip, pulling him to their side. Will tipped his chin up to look at the stranger through his dark sunglasses, unamused to be touched without permission.

"Hello, darling," They said, pushing Will's sunglasses onto the top of his head without permission, "You look like you know this place pretty well- mind accompanying me?"

Will blinked up, "You assumed I spoke English?" He asked, realizing that he had found exactly what he wanted.

Will shook the hand off of himself and grabbed the man's arm, spinning them back in the direction of the produce stand,

"Lucky for you, I do," Will said sweetly, "But, you're not really interested in all of this, are you?" He gestured around with a frown,

"Well, actually-"

"Thought not. You want to come with me, don't you?" Will felt them tense in the slightest, "I like nice men like you," Will added, feeling himself flush at the ridiculousness of it.

Hannibal was waiting right where he had been left, and Will gave his stranger a little tug; trying his hardest to be endearing in the way he drug him over.

"He wants something from me he isn't going to get," Will explained to Hannibal in quick French, trying to keep the annoyance out of his voice, "Grabby."

"You weren't very graceful in the way that you practically dragged him over here," Hannibal mused as he studied the stranger, "What's his name?"

The stranger watched the exchange, thoroughly confused. He had begun to think that Will was expecting money from him. Will smoothed a hand along the man's arm, his sweet little smile returning immediately.

"My daddy wants to know your name," Will told him, "Got one?"

The stranger froze again, his face coloring slightly, "It's.. listen, I think I misunderstood-"

"You want to play, right?" Will tilted his head in question.

"Play? I don't want a prostitute, I'm sorry, I thought-"

"I'm not a prostitute," Will interrupted bluntly, dangerously close to dropping character before he righted himself again, "Tell us your name." He urged.

"Alan." He finally said after a moment more.

"Well, Alan. Would you like to play with me?" Will purred. He was well aware of the way Hannibal was watching him act out.

Alan cleared his throat, eyes glued to Will's pink mouth. He looked nervously to where Hannibal stood,

"Where's he fit in at?" Alan asked.

"He just wants to make sure you're not rough with me," Will curled his fingers in Alan's shirt, eyes meeting with Hannibal's as he spoke.

"You sure you're not a prostitute, kid? This is all sort of fishy."

"Welcome to Palermo, Alan. We're known for our fish here." Hannibal spoke, and he smirked at the way the man startled.

The cab ride felt stuffy, not at all like climbing into Hannibal's lap and tasting his lips by force. Alan bit the inside of his mouth and lips, the result being a salty inside from where he sucked blood from his own wounds. As Will lathed his tongue under the inside of the man's bottom lip, he tasted one of the bites reopen, blood metallic on his tongue. He could feel Hannibal rigid on the other side of him, eyeing the too tight grip their guest kept on Will's jaw.

They had forgotten to get flowers while at La Vucciria, but Alan was perfect for their art. Will would hardly miss the flowers. Maybe he would let Hannibal tell him how to kill Alan. Will pulled away from Alan's mouth to slump against Hannibal's side, making sure that Hannibal knew he hadn't forgotten his loyalties. Hannibal touched his cheek briefly.

"I'll get him into the basement for you. I'd hate for you to have to carry him all the way down," Will spoke close to Hannibal's ear.

If Will could get Alan down into the space and give him the injection there it would save them both so much trouble. The basement stayed prepped for instances such as the present one, and sometimes Will thought of it as a workshop.

Will glued himself to Alan's arm, curling his fingers just beneath the man's shirt as Hannibal paid their driver. Hannibal was a very patient man, and they both knew that he was being tested tremendously. Will kept this in mind and let it be his fuel as he let Alan kiss his neck and take his expensive sunglasses and toss them away.

"Come on, darling," Will muttered in Alan's ear, accepting the needle slipped to him by Hannibal as they passed.

Will was slightly nervous as he hadn't had much practice. He knew where to stick it, of course, but there was always the chance that he messed up.

"Where are we going?" Alan asked, holding tight onto Will as they went downstairs. It was quite dark.

"Shh," Will lead him to the bottom at last and fingered the needle as he gathered courage, "See you soon," He whispered, flicking the cap off with his nail and sticking Alan in the flesh of his neck all in one motion.

Will tried to ease him down, but Alan went down hard, falling out of Will's arms. Will let out a deep sigh and stepped backward until he could flip on the light. Alan lay unconscious.

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When Alan's lids began to flutter open again, he was met with wide blue eyes already peering at him. The lower half of Will's face was covered with a surgical mask, leaving the focus on his shining eyes.

"Hello, darling," Will mocked, before pulling down his mask and spinning around to address Hannibal, "He's awake, doctor," He told him sweetly.

"Excellent," Hannibal responded, his own mask snug around his chin like Will's, "We're nearly ready."

Will grinned and left Alan's side to check on Hannibal's progress. There were cameras at Alan's side and in front of him, currently being examined by Hannibal. He was bound by his ankles and wrists against an operating table, in the same position as many before him in the basement. He was very special to his captives despite this fact. He would be their first onscreen performance.

Alan's tongue was thick in his mouth and his eyes rolled around the room lazily as he tried to make sense of it. He was heavily sedated and would remain that way until his last breaths. Will returned to his side again and began to stroke his hair neatly as though in attempt to calm him down.

"We're going to to take care of you, Alan," Will whispered, "We're gonna make you better."

Alan whined in response, trying to lift his arm. Will tutted and placed a hand on top of his arm,

"You better not do that when the doctor starts your operation," Will chastised, unable to keep a grin at bay.

Will was giddy with excitement, eager for when Hannibal would tell him they were starting. He had originally wanted to be the one in charge, but he was out of his element without the flowers. They had decided it would be interesting if Hannibal be in charge, and Will was too happy to be witness to such work. Will would be second in command, overseer and something for patrons to get an eyeful of.

"We're ready now, cherub," Hannibal announced, pulling his mask up.

Will did the same with a happy bounce, moving out of Hannibal's way so that the man would have room for the tool tray. They were just going to harvest some organs, but their setup was interesting enough to keep watchers invested. Will watched the laptop as it counted to ten, and then they appeared. He couldn't help but be astonished at how quickly the bitcoin count began to rise, comment coming in all at once.

"Cut his shirt off of him," Hannibal commanded in French, handing Will the trauma scissors from across Alan's body.

Will nodded and complied, very careful not to nick any skin. He pushed both halves of the shirt over Alan's shoulders the best that he could. He watched, admiring as Hannibal began to work with his watchful eyes and careful hands. Will would have liked to know him as a young man. He was jealous that there were people alive with Hannibal while he was not.

Hannibal was careful through the entire process of cutting along Alan's chest and stomach, opening him up completely with the intention of keeping him open through the entire process. Alan was making high noises through his nose, eyes blown wide open.

Will cooed through the sick crack of bones as Hannibal broke Alan's ribs. Will would have wanted to clean Alan out from the inside and weave poppies through his ribs. Replace his lungs with large blooms. Anesthesia awareness. The image made Will shiver delightfully. He wanted to do that next time.

"The cooler," Hannibal spoke, and Will obeyed immediately.

Alan stopped breathing sometime ago, and it was a pity. People in the chat complained that he hadn't been kept alive long at all. For some of them the noises were part of the experience.

**SHRIEKINGSLUTZ4**: **"You gonna feed curlytop his heart?"**

**JACKTHESTRIPPER: "cannibals????? next time you stream torture before you do that shit."**

Hannibal would come to not be fond of the comments, but Will would love them. It was like reading TattleCrime. It was like dessert after eating something equally delicious.

Hannibal muttered that Will could end the stream, and Will was eager to comply, needed to gush about how well it went. As soon as the recording sign disappeared, Will was talking. Hannibal stripped the plastic away from himself as Will chattered, still with blood smattering on his nose and in his hair.

Hannibal was thoroughly charmed by Will's enthusiasm. He would always be taken with the darling oddity. Will's performance was very good that day, and Hannibal was sure to tell him so. They cleaned the basement together and then took their time breaking the body down so that they could  grind the waste up. Will liked to feed the city strays if there was leftovers.

The last of Alan was done away with and set away in their freezer to be manipulated into gourmet dog chow. They would have to do it when they weren't so tired, as they had finished quite late at night. Will had to clean dried blood out of his hair that night. He watched the pink water seep into the drain with a smile, before beginning to scrub his nails. He hadn't worn gloves.

When Will climbed into the bed he found Hannibal already there. He curled himself around the man in a possessive, warm embrace, imagining his affection was seeping out of his head. He closed his eyes and saw crimson leak from his ears and eyes, warm against his skin like a lingering kiss. He knew that he was wrapping Hannibal in the sweet scent that lingered on his skin. He loved to scrub himself pink so that Hannibal drew him close and breathed deep against his clean flesh.

Hannibal turned over so that he could gather Will to his chest. He felt damp hair against his cheek and sighed. There was no doubt a wet spot on Will's pillowcase. He closed his eyes and began to recall tomorrow's lesson plans. Will should begin to ease into more anatomy. It could be of help during reconstruction of the body.

Selcouth could surely become something of a hobby for them both. If they kept it to a level they were able to control, of course. Will had proven himself capable of immense control over and over again. He also proved happy to relinquish it when needed. Happy to do as Hannibal asked him. There was little Will wouldn't do for him.

Hannibal heard Will give a soft sigh beside him, content and lulling.

# Tube Rose

Chapter Notes

I edited in a hurry so I apologize for any errors i didnt catch. Enjoy!

*Dangerous Pleasure*

*Cammina in bellezza, come la notte*
*Di climi tersi e cieli stellati;*
*E tutto ciò che è meglio del buio e luminoso*

Will's pen scratched at the paper noisily as he drew a spiral at each corner, avoiding his work. He had translated enough poems that day to be sick to death of them. Will didn't have many problems with the language, and he even had a pretty good pronunciation. He remembered words by associating them with their French or English equivalent, as many words were similarly spelled.

"Perhaps I'll make you translate the book of Genesis," Hannibal suddenly spoke from behind, his hand coming down to still Will's twitching pen, "since you appear to have had your fill of Lord Byron."

Will huffed, knowing that the threat was merely a nudge toward completing his current work. They were nearly finished with lessons for the day, and the pace at which time was passing was very dissatisfying to Will. Hannibal watched over the boy's shoulder expectantly, patient as Will went to the next line in the book. When Will was done, he handed the paper over his shoulder for the man to take.

Not wanting to be there for the grading process, Will got up from the desk and slunk toward the direction of the library. He could hide there for just a little bit until Hannibal fetched him again to correct his mistakes. Will moved his fingers along the many books on display from the shelves, scanning titles for nothing in particular. He remembered the mezzanine that Hannibal's office in Baltimore had, vague but present in his mind. It was lovely for hiding.

"Will," Hannibal called from the study.

Will leaned against the bookshelf and pushed out a great, dramatic sigh. He lingered in the study's doorway for a long time when he got there, watching Hannibal with practiced sad eyes until it was clear that the man wasn't going to budge. He beckoned Will back to the desk with a curled finger. Will saw the red marks from where he stood.

"Teach me swear words," Will suggested as he sank back into the seat,

"I will not," Hannibal responded, though fondly, touching Will's shoulder before moving away.

Will always wanted a nap after he finished his lessons, feeling bored and sleepy. It didn't help that they usually finished around lunch, when the sun was warm and hazy enough to make you want to curl beneath it in the sweet grass. Will and Hannibal had a splendid advantage on their hands, as they lived just close enough to smell the ocean as the wind blew great gusts around the backyard. Nobody in their square had a fenced in yard, as though it was a mutual understanding that a fence would obscure the beautiful area they shared. Nobody would bother them anyway, because nobody had a reason to. Their neighbors were all old people or vacationers that went away when summer ended.

This was all what made Will content to lay and nap thinly in the sun, reminding Hannibal of a reptile as he watched from the porch. Hannibal wouldn't let Will burn, and he would eventually call him under the shade and invite him to nap in his arms instead. He could already imagine the scent of the earth on Will's warmed skin. The boy stretched and turned over so that his back was to the world, muscles twitching as he adjusted his position comfortably. Hannibal paused his reading to watch with admiring eyes, fingers itching to caress.

"Can we go to Mondello tomorrow afternoon?" Will asked, his head turned to look at the man.

Hannibal considered this for a moment, finding that it had been a while since they went to the beach. Mondello was what brought them the delicious salty air. He looked up to find Will had gotten up to join him on the porch.

"Maybe.. Let me take my school things along?" Will suggested, touching Hannibal's arm.

"You don't think you'd find it hard to concentrate?" Hannibal questioned.

"No way!" Will insisted, "Would you be able to do it? You need concentration for teaching as much as I do."

"We could forego your other lessons and only take your Italian.." Hannibal mused, deep in thought. He shuddered at the image of sand getting into Will's books, but everything else looked pleasant.

*"Quella mi piace"* Will said. He liked that.

Hannibal smiled and pulled Will to sit in his lap, book in front of them both. Will reached up to touch Hannibal's slightly undone hair, playing idly with the strands at his nape until he fell back to sleep.

Will and Hannibal had taken a light breakfast before leaving for Mondello beach the next morning. The sun was already set high in the sky and was beating pleasantly down on them

as they got settled. Mondello was surrounded by large houses and estates, and the majority of people at the beach were always among the wealthy. Will's bag held his poetry and Italian textbook, as well as his notebook and a couple of pens. They sat on a large blanket, hats and sunglasses keeping the sun from scorching their faces.

Will laid with his textbook above him, hat slightly pushed off of his forehead as Hannibal spoke. He was mostly reciting back to the man, though quite lazily. The sun made him want to nap, and the water begged him to slip in it's cool frothy embrace.

"Pippa!"

Will perked at the sound of a woman calling, followed by an excited bark. He sat up and began to look around the beach until he spotted a woman being lead by a lab on a leash.

"Oh, look at that dog," Will pointed out, receiving a sigh from the man beside him,

"Don't look at the dog." Hannibal said.

"Could I go and pet it?" Will asked, ignoring Hannibal's command.

Hannibal sighed again, and then waved the boy off. Will was up with a giddy laugh, approaching the woman carefully, just in case the dog was skittish. The woman saw him and her face changed unpleasantly. She clicked to the dog and tried to pick up her pace.

*"Madame,"* Will called sweetly, slathering on his accent, "Could I pet your darling dog?" He requested, and then when she didn't respond he tried again, *"Posso accarezzare il tuo cane?"*

The woman sniffed, and nodded a bit stiffly, "Pippa," She gestured to the dog, who yipped at the mention of her name.

Will grinned and crouched to pet the dog, offering his hand to be sniffed and licked, *"Merci, merci, merci!"* He cooed, patting Pippa's shiny head.

"Jeannot!" Hannibal called, waving his hand.

"Coming!" Will called over his shoulder. He pressed a kiss to Pippa's warm nose before returning to Hannibal.

"Will you focus on your Italian now?" Hannibal asked.

"I had to ask if I could pet her dog in Italian. I'd say she understood," Will said with a small smile, "She was so mean looking though!" He complained.

"Not everyone is happy to have their dog touched by a stranger," Hannibal sniffed.

"That's just dumb," Will muttered.

Will studied for a while after that, content with having been given the small break. He translated passages from the books in his bag until they were strewn about on the blanket and dangerously close to coming into contact with the sand. Hannibal noticed this and collected

them all immediately to put back into Will's bag, claiming they were done for the day. Will was not bothered by that at all, and he took it as a chance to finally fall into the inviting pull of the ocean. The water was warm, and Will submerged his head many times on purpose to be enveloped completely.

He beckoned for Hannibal to join him, but he knew that the man hadn't brought along his swimsuit anyway. Will had merely tugged a shirt on top of his swimming shorts, while Hannibal was fully dressed as though for a day in town. Will wondered how Hannibal was not sweating through the cloth by then. Will floated on his back and watched as Pippa and her human played on the shore with a blue ball. Will wondered for a moment if Hannibal would ever consider a dog. They could always pick up one of the strays that he insists on feeding their leftovers.

Will doggy paddled until his feet hit the sand, and then he was trudging back onto land. Hannibal held out a towel, instructing him to dry off and then sit on it. Will obeyed and stretched out so that the sun would aid the process.

"Thank you for letting me skip my lessons today," Will spoke.

"Don't expect it to happen often," Hannibal responded without looking up from his book.

Will grinned.

They returned home late in the afternoon, very tired and in need of a shower. Will stunk of seawater and Pippa the Lab, and Hannibal told him this as he ran the water. Will didn't mind at all, especially as Hannibal began to strip when he did. The water was hot when they got in, the spray turning their skin pink. Will tipped his head back and let the saltwater be washed out of his curls, moaning at the comfortable feeling.

Hannibal turned Will around so that he faced the spray, pulling his head back so that he could wash his hair. Will fell still as Hannibal began to lather in the shampoo, scratching at him lightly in pleasurable circles. Hannibal moved him again to wash out the shampoo, fingers smoothing the wet hair so that it went faster.

"I can wash myself," Will protested weakly.

"Yet, you don't want to," Hannibal responded with a knowing air, "You like for me to take care of you," He added, reaching for the bar of creme soap that Will loved.

Will allowed Hannibal to soap his body, rubbing the sweet smelling bar over his chest and stomach. Hannibal washed Will's arms and then legs, lingering everywhere the bar passed. Will stole the bar back when Hannibal was finished, beginning to return the action.

Hannibal was content with Will washing him in return, and he found that he had no problem smelling like Will's floral soap. Will hummed as he washed the man, pressing kisses to his soapy chest lovingly. He abandoned the soap back in it's ceramic home, freeing his hand to reach between Hannibal's legs with his own soapy hand. The man emitted a low noise as Will began to fondle him, stroking him at a slow pace until he was fully erect.

Will leaned up and pressed their lips together soundly, sucking water from Hannibal's lower lip with a wanton moan. Hannibal removed Will's hand from his erection and brought it to his mouth, kissing Will's palm and wrist before muttering,

"Would you turn around for me?"

Will swallowed and nodded, turning around to face the shower wall as he was instructed to. He waited patiently, listening to Hannibal as he soaped his own fingers. Hannibal stilled him with a hand on his lower back, lipping at his neck.

Hannibal rubbed Will's sides as he brought Will's legs farther apart, before tracing the cleft of Will's ass with his index finger to watch the boy shudder in anticipation. Will pressed his knuckles to the shower wall as Hannibal began to circle his entrance, pressing in lightly to tease but never quite breaching him.

*"Ne me taquine pas, papa,"* Will mumbled, arching his back slightly.

Hannibal chuckled and rubbed more firmly against Will's entrance, "You don't have to call me that when we are alone, sweet boy," He mumbled back, sending a shiver of pleasure down Will's spine.

"Don't you like it?" Will asked tentatively.

"Of course I do," Hannibal responded, beginning to inch his index finger inside of the boy.

Will gasped and began to work against the finger, clenching as it wiggled inside of him. Hannibal licked droplets of water off of Will's spine as his finger slid deeper inside, pressing upward to stretch Will how he liked. He pressed him open using his opposite thumb, before inching his second finger inside of the boy. Will whimpered and sighed, trembling in the slightest because he knew that Hannibal would not fuck him in the shower.

"Darling," Hannibal purred against Will's skin.

Hannibal's pace soon turned rough, crooking his fingers between thrusts so that Will cried out and tried to grind down on the digits. Hannibal's cock pressed firm against Will's side and with a slightly shaky hand Will reached for it, touching the sensitive head and stroking the shaft. Hannibal moaned lowly, rubbing against Will's prostrate in firm circles that nearly made Will collapse, desperate to be able to spread himself out flat.

Will squeezed softly on Hannibal's cock, fumbling to pleasure his partner as his orgasm approached. He squeezed around Hannibal's fingers and whined until he felt a hand enclose his throbbing sex and tug, the grip slick with floral soap. Will came against the shower wall with Hannibal's name on his lips, breathing hard through his nose. Hannibal pulled his fingers free and began to masturbate, low noises escaping his throat until he was coming on Will's lower back and behind.

Will let the water stream over his skin and wash him clean again, stretching under the warmth as Hannibal rubbed his lower back. Plying Will with warm towels, Hannibal eventually got them out of the shower and into clean clothes. He set Will up with a glass of wine and a book

in Italian for practice in the library, before abandoning him to start dinner. Will was content to be alone for the time being, though he wasn't too keen on the book he was given.

He opened it, but immediately deemed it far too boring to read, and left it in his chair while he found something else. He wondered briefly why they didn't have any Flannery O'Conner novels.  Will tapped his teeth against his glass as he contemplated titles.

"Can we get a dog?" Will asked abruptly, stopping Hannibal at his place in the doorway before he could tell him about dinner,

"Absolutely not," Hannibal shook his head, "Where would we keep a dog?" He questioned with an amused air.

"In the house?" Will responded a bit sheepishly, standing up.

"No. Come and eat, now," Hannibal said with a small gesture.

Hannibal was anticipating that Will would bring up getting a dog again, as the boy was eating rather quietly. He appeared to be deep in thought, most likely trying to come up with a bargain of sorts. Hannibal hummed as Will set his fork down and opened his mouth to speak,

"The house is too big for just us to live here."

"Nonsense. It's the perfect size." Hannibal responded without looking up, and it was true.

Will growled, petulant and defeated. He went back to eating quietly, his cut eyes meeting Hannibal's amused ones from across the table.

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Will was met with more studies the next day, though alongside the usual subjects there was a new anatomy text. Hannibal had mentioned it before, about how it would help him with reconstruction. Will often wished that he could leave his body in spirit and examine his own bones and eyes. It wasn't satisfying to have to twist around to study yourself. Will brushed the odd thoughts away and tried to hone in on his book.

Will spent a good chunk of the day labeling bones, and it was rather interesting, he found. Hannibal liked to touch Will while he taught, tracing his finger along the length of the boy's arm as he named bones aloud for him. Will felt as though he could be tested at that very moment and pass.

Will continued to casually bring up dogs throughout his lessons, much to the annoyance of Hannibal, who promptly shut the boy down each time. Hannibal had been contemplating allowing the boy to get a dog, but the idea was slowly slipping away from him the more Will persisted. He couldn't recall another time that Will was do enthusiastic about something, especially as trivial as a dog.

"What would you name your dog, Will?" Hannibal finally brought the subject up himself.

It was mid afternoon and raining softly outside, and Will was perched beside Hannibal on the couch with a book in French. He perked at the sudden question, blue eyes wide in amusement and sheer excitement. He bit his lip as though in thought, but it was clear that the boy had thought about it before.

"Cypress." Will responded.

Hannibal felt himself smile. It was in honor of one of the many nicknames bestowed upon Will by Hannibal. Cyparissus.

"Tell me why you chose you that name," Hannibal said, because he wanted to hear the story from Will's lips.

Will closed his book and set it aside, turning his full attention onto his partner,

"Cypress.. A variation of the name Cyparissus, the young lover of Apollo. Cyparissus' prized pet was a stag that he had tamed himself. Cyparissus accidentally killed the stag one day with a javelin, and he was so deeply upset with himself that he turned into a tree."

Will told the story in a clear, fond voice, charming Hannibal to his very core with the words. Hannibal felt his chest swell again with the need to hold Will to his person and squeeze very tightly. He settled for caressing the boy's cheek, letting Will lean into it with that small smile turning up his lips. Hannibal had seen many visions of the boy Cyparissus through paintings, and most of them embodied his Will. Dark, tumbling curls and a square jaw.

"I will see to it that you have a dog, *mon trésor*," Hannibal said, hand firm at the side of Will's face.

Will beamed at the man, lips splitting into a pleased grin at the words. He leaned over Hannibal to kiss his lips, nearly humming with happiness. He had only been wanting a dog for several days, but to a spoiled little thing like Will, it felt as though he had waited simply forever. Hannibal could read this in Will's delighted gaze.

*"Merci, papa,"* Will whispered, biting down on a cheeky smile.

"Damnable creature," Hannibal growled, nipping at Will's chin in annoyance.

Will giggled and let Hannibal pin him down and kiss at his throat until he was satisfied.

Will spent the entirety of the next morning hanging over Hannibal's shoulder. Hannibal was on his laptop and looking for a satisfactory source to procure Will's dog. They had compromised that the boy could get a puppy, if Hannibal chose the breed. He could not have some drooling, shedding, unruly creature running about his house. Will reluctantly agreed.

Will played with Hannibal's collar, resting his cheek against the man's head as he scrolled through web pages. On a particularly busy breeding site, a dog finally caught Hannibal's eye.

He waited for Will's response as he hovered his mouse over the image, and immediately Will emitted a breathy noise of excitement. His fingers tightened just slightly at Hannibal's collar, not enough to wrinkle but enough to catch the attention of the owner.

The golden-red Irish Terrier was a medium sized dog and fairly new to the world. The man that owned the dog lived in Sicily, and Will was nearly beside himself with the perfection of it all.

*"Il est parfait, il est parfait, il est parfait,"* Will kept muttering, *He's perfect, he's perfect, he's perfect..*

"This is Cypress then?" Hannibal mused.

*"Oui,"* Will responded simply, pressing their cheeks together lovingly.

---

After an exchange of emails between Hannibal and the man who would be selling them Cypress, arrangements were made for them to pick him up. They were able to take a cab due to the short distance, and Will babbled excitedly for the entire ride. Hannibal chose to be amused instead of annoyed.

The man was selling terriers from a liter, and they were all much larger compared to Cypress. The man was sure to tell them this when they arrived, lest they wanted to pick a different one. Will was stubborn in his choice, and he told Hannibal promptly that he still wanted the one from the site. Hannibal didn't argue.

Cypress rode in Will's lap on the way back to their home, and Will was very happy to hold on to the pup. Will didn't set Cypress down until they were inside the house, too afraid that he would be frightened by one of their neighbors dogs and run off.

"Would you like to stay with him while I go and get him some things?" Hannibal asked, scratching the dog idly on the top of his head.

"Yes, but don't bother with food," Will insisted, exchanging a knowing look with the man.

They had discussed keeping their dog on a diet similar to theirs, only more tailored to the canine diet. Good things mixed among the even better. They met an agreement very quickly, you can imagine. Will felt as though they had a child to hunt for, and the feeling made him very giddy. He chose to keep that particular thought to himself.

Will followed close behind Cypress as the dog padded around their home, sniffing and investigating. He refused to let the dog go about on his own, as Hannibal would surely have his neck if something were soiled. No, he had a responsibility, and one he had never had before. Will had always wanted a dog, truthfully.

"I'm your new daddy," Will announced to Cypress. Cypress paused to look at the boy questionably.

Will couldn't help but crack a grin at that, thoroughly amused at the idea. He wondered how opposed Hannibal would be. They certainly could become *that* couple if they wanted. However, their situation did mean that technically, Will was anything but a daddy. He could still dream.

Hannibal reappeared an hour later with several bags, and Will rushed to help him with them. He had really gone out for the dog, and arguably for Will as well. He was really the reason this was happening. The bags contained a new collar, (even though Hannibal had been contemplating ordering one online) and a matching leash. Among the leather items there were the necesites: food, bowls, a fluffy looking bed. The works. Will was giddy again simply from the sight of it all piled together on their kitchen table. They had a dog!

Cypress would not be utilizing his bed as much as Hannibal intended. Will wanted the pup curled up beside him in their bed, and Hannibal could hardly refuse the childish request. Will was so happy. He kissed Hannibal and Cypress before falling asleep that night, content with his small family.

# Sweet Pea

Chapter Notes

> First, I want to thank everyone for reading to the end. Next, I want to apologize if it isnt the ending you expected or wanted. I struggled with it because i wanted it to go so many directions, but i finally settled with this.
> Please, do enjoy the last chapter of Careful Hand, Delicate Mind.
> (Also, don't mind if there are a few mistakes, i edited when i was quite tired!!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Immortality*

His head is bowed over his prize, elegant rack of sharp bone covered with the black blood. It dripped down his chin in rivulets as he fed. He ripped her organs with his very teeth, moaning guttural and loud around mouthfuls of the meat. It was sweet to win, and she was particularly hard to catch. The pig had fought violently for her life, screaming and jerking away from his hands, calling for help that would not come.

*"WILL!"*

She screamed for him, crying and choking on spit and blood, trying to catch a breath. She coughed wetly and gaped, a sickening crunch and then she fell limp. Dead eyes watched Will expectantly. He could not help her.

*"I've saved you the eyes, darling,"*

The voice belonged to Hannibal, and it was a sickeningly sweet tone. He looked at Will with a look of intense adoration in his red eyes, before he looked away to focus on his task. He dug into the pig's skull, spearing her eyes onto the tips of his clawed fingers. He extended his hand to Will, rubbing the dead orbs against his lips  invitingly.

Will opened his mouth wide to take Abigail's blue eyes between his lips.

Will bolted upright with a terrified scream, feeling tears bead at his eyes. He felt clammy and his lip trembled uncontrollably.

"Will?" Hannibal reached for the shaking boy, "Tell me what you saw, darling," He urged, voice thick with sleep.

"I-" Will sunk into Hannibal's embrace and rubbed at his wet eyes, "I dreamed that you tried to feed me Abigail.." He trailed off momentarily before muttering, "So much blood.."

Hannibal made a noise that signaled to Will that he was listening, though at the mention of Abigail his sympathy dwindled in the slightest. The smallest mention of their past life was a taboo between them. Will had dropped that silent rule and pressed on,

"You had her ripped open like a great beast and his quarry," Will elaborated, and Hannibal chuckled lowly,

"What a remarkable mind you have," Hannibal said, pressing a lingering kiss to the back of Will's head where his curls were matted down.

Cypress had stirred from sleep and crawled into Will's lap, nudging his hand so that the boy knew he wanted to be pet. Will obliged without a thought, scratching the sleepy puppy behind his ears.

"I'm not scared of you.. But, sometimes I'm scared of what you could do.. What you have done- what I haven't seen," Will rambled for a moment,

"It's very late, surely we can save this for the morning?"

"I guess."

"Good,"

Hannibal's warmth left Will as the man turned back over to fall asleep. Will lay awake petting Cypress, squinting in the darkness as he contemplated his dream. Old memories of his friend swirled like many tiny hurricanes inside of his mind. His lovely Abigail and her beautiful cornflower eyes. He kissed Cypress on his nose and tried not to laugh at the sneeze he produced as a result. Carefully, he arranged Cypress in his arms as he eased himself to lay back down.

He felt his chest begin to catch in that pleasant way when you were about to latch onto sleep. Abigail and her warm, lasting hugs. Her lovely eyes. Never judgmental and always shiny as though she were about to cry. He slept.

They awoke the next morning and had wine with their breakfast like Tudors. Will sipped his as Hannibal slipped back into the role of concerned psychiatrist, only slightly annoying him. He watched butter pool on top of his toast as it melted, the wine sweet on his tongue and making him long for the saltiness. It wasn't polite to eat while you were answering a question.

"What do you think could have provoked your nightmare?" Hannibal asked.

Will shrugged, looked to where Cypress sat at his feet and begged for his breakfast.

"William."

"You're not my therapist any more. You're just my partner now," Will said, the air changing with his harsher tone, "Can we not do this? It was just a nightmare."

"I'm only trying to help you," Hannibal insisted.

"Help me by understanding that I don't want to talk about it," He punctuated his sentence by finally taking a large bite of toast, the crunch satisfying to his ears.

Hannibal hummed and began to properly eat as well, though his eyes did wander to where Will sat quite a few times. He had yet to decide if he were concerned or just curious. It was possible that he be both. He watched Will's pink mouth devour eggs on toast until he had finished and was draining his wine. It was endearing.

"Can we go to market today?" Will asked after wiping his mouth roughly with a napkin.

Hannibal nodded, unable to say no. There were some things he needed for the kitchen, anyway. They were overdue for a hunt as well.

"And Cypress? We shouldn't leave him alone," Will added, looking hopeful.

"And Cypress," Hannibal agreed with a nod.

---

La Vucciria was bustling, people moving at slow paces beneath the warm sun as they looked at booths. Ripe fruit and cotton blankets, sweets and freshly made bread, fish.. Will loved the market. He held tightly to Cypress' leather leash as he walked with his arm in Hannibal's. A woman everyone called *Nonna* had recognized his face and given him a Vero Mango lollipop. It was a very lovely day so far. If only they could find a victim, it would be perfect, Will thought.

"Will you be alright to wait for me while I complete the list?" Hannibal asked, eyes on the notebook paper clutched in his hand. He observed Will over his sunglasses.

"Could I have a few notes?" Will asked after removing his lolly from his mouth.

"What have you done for them?" Hannibal asked, though it was in jest, and he handed over the money without an answer and bearing in mind that it was likely to be wasted on treats and flowers.

*"Grazzie,"* Will said, eyes shining.

"Yes, don't let Cypress get away from you and meet me here in a little under thirty minutes," Hannibal said, touching Will's warm cheek before leaving him alone with his dog.

Will did inch toward the flowers, the spicy lollipop clamped between his lips and the leash tightly wound around his wrist. Vices. The woman at the booth was kind looking, young and

with rambunctious red curls. Will flirted with her in rough Italian until she was giggling, clipping Will's order with shaky hands. The flowers were wrapped in wax paper and handed over in exchange for the notes. Will thought about how Hannibal would smell her perfume on him later, concealed very poorly by sweat and the flowers in his arms.

"Oh, *incantato, bello*, whatcha got there?"

Oh, *yes*. Will loved this game. He loved to reel slime in with smiles, and they were all simple things really. It was exciting to be the bait. To know that someone chasing pleasure had accidentally welcomed their own death right into their arms.

"My lolly or my dog?" Will asked, using his French accent to pit against the Italian one the man spoke with.

"That pretty dog you have there, what is her name?" The man asked, bending down to let Cypress sniff at his hand.

*"His* name is Cypress," Will responded, watching the two carefully, "What about you, though? What's your name?" He asked tentatively.

"You tell me yours first," The man challenged with a toothy smile. He thought he was charming, and perhaps he was.

"Jeannot," Will lied, returning the smile sweetly, a slight upwards curve of his plush mouth, still holding his candy. Come and take me, you stupid thing, Will thought. Truly, he was bitter that the man hadn't done anything to spite him yet.

"Greco," The man supplied at last, and Will rewarded him by inching closer.

"You should ask before petting a strangers dog," Will pretended to scold, his accented words flirty, "Sometimes dogs bite."

"Aw, this one is good though?" Greco grinned again, obviously taken with Will.

Will only saw potential. He saw flowers in Greco's green eyes and deep in his throat, keeping him from being able to breathe. He could make this man so beautiful.

"Are those for your girlfriend?" Greco asked slyly, gesturing to the flowers in the crook of Will's arm.

Will cracked a grin, *they're for you,* he thought, flashes of Greco's chopped up body appearing in his mind,

"I don't have a girlfriend," Will responded, fondling the petals with his fingertips. He saw a flash of interest in Greco's eyes and for a moment tasted victory.

"Jeannot, darling, befriending another stranger?" Hannibal asked from behind, startling Will.

Will eyed Hannibal's groceries, and then his face, feeling a bit soured. What if Hannibal had ruined his kill? He would have to work this in his favor.

"This is Greco," Will said politely, "And this is Thomas," He returned with one of his sweetest smiles.

"Pleasure," Hannibal said, moving around his groceries to be able to shake Greco's hand.

"I want him, but he hasn't given me a reason to take him yet. It's frustrating." Will switched to rapid French, not caring that it was rude to do in the middle of conversation.

"Look at him in the eyes. See how he looks at you in return. There is lust there," Hannibal responds, transitioning smoothly despite his displeasure at Will's behavior, "The bible says that thinking about the sin is just as damning as committing the sin," He went on.

"I want him," Will repeated himself, "I want to use him for our art."

"You shall have him," Hannibal said, before switching back to English, "You'll have to excuse him, he's a bit embarrassed.. We're having issues with our marriage,"

Will turned pink, but stayed quiet. He trusted Hannibal to steer this in the right direction.

"We've been looking for a third party, you know, to make things a bit more interesting," Hannibal continued, sliding his arm free of bags around Will's waist, "Jeannot has taken an interest in you, *monsieur*."

Greco's eyes shone in amusement, and he glanced at Will's bashful face hungrily. He had not been with a man in some time, and his wife wouldn't have to know anything. He would be treating this couple, merely helping them out.. It was none of her concern. He found himself smiling.

"I would be happy to help."

---

The cab ride was a bit awkward, with groceries and flowers between Will and Hannibal and Cypress in Will's lap. Greco didn't seem pleased with the arrangement. Will wanted to be closer to Hannibal. He thought about squashing the vegetables and climbing into his lap.

They treated Greco as a cherished guest in their home, plying him with a sweet wine and music. Will sat very close to him on the couch, listening intently as the man spoke and taking polite sips from his glass. He felt giddy with how smoothly things were going and how clever Hannibal had been. It was only when Greco lifted Will's hand to his lips that the air in the room shifted.

"May I kiss your husband, *signore?*" Greco asked with his lips against Will's skin, eyes locked with the other man's.

Will's fingers twitched slightly, and he couldn't help but avert his eyes.

"Please," Hannibal said, lifting his glass.

Will inhaled as Greco began to kiss his wrist and fingers, tongue brushing against his skin in a sensual manner. Will heard Hannibal set his glass down before shifting at his side, arms snaking around his waist to pull him close. His lips found Will's neck, where they began to trace his skin softly. Will tilted his head to accommodate, moaning softly.

Greco, pleased with the sudden shift in events, hummed and leaned forward to lick into Will's mouth. Will allowed his lips to fall open for the other man, accepting the foreign kiss. Will was distracted for a moment before he realized he could have some control as well. He parted from Greco soundly, leaving his touch for a moment with a teasing smile. He reached behind himself to touch Hannibal's jaw, before drawing him closer and muttering in soft French,

"I want you to cut his throat.."

Hannibal made a low noise and caught Will's lower lip between his teeth, pulling as Will pulled away from him,

"We can't neglect our guest, Thomas," Will purred, crawling into Greco's lap, "Isn't that right?" He touched the man's face, "You wanna play with me too?"

*"Don't you wanna play?"*

The familiar phrase rung in Hannibal's ears. His clever boy was dangerous indeed. He watched as Greco sucked on Will's tongue and palmed his hips and ass, drawing theatrical moans from the boy. Will's eyes found his, and they stared into each other steadily, comfortable just to watch each other.

Will liked to be watched, especially by Hannibal. He rolled his hips into Greco's, receiving a guttural moan from the man below him.

"What a good *gattino* he is," Greco praised, and Hannibal chuckled darkly.

"He performs better in the bedroom," Hannibal hinted, and he was pleased when the two paused their movements to acknowledge him.

"He's right," Will said, nipping Greco's lips teasingly before sliding our of his lap and onto his feet, *"Vieni qui,"* He said to them both, before turning on his heel to head to the bedroom.

Will didn't turn around until he was in the bedroom, tugging his shirt over his head silently. Hannibal came up behind him and enveloped him,

"What are we going to do with him?" Hannibal murmured in his ear in French, aware that Will had taken over the operation.

"We're going to fuck him," Will responded, turning in Hannibal's arms so that he could begin unbuttoning his lover's shirt, "And then you are going to cut his throat.."

Greco had been undressing, and now came to join them completely nude. He kissed Will's neck and shoulder as the boy undid buttons, agonizingly slow in his work. Hannibal allowed

this, listening to the slick sound of Greco's lips,

"Are you sure?" Hannibal asked in English.

"Yes," Will said, becoming impatient.

Will flopped himself onto the bed and began to unbutton his pants so that he could shimmy out of them. Greco joined him on the bed, resuming his kisses. Will tried not to be annoyed with this and snared his hand in Greco's hair, bringing their mouths together in a bruising kiss. He felt the bed dip as Hannibal crawled toward them, intent on watching Greco's every move. Will opened his eyes to snare Hannibal's eyes again. He wanted to be watched.

Will held out his hand to Hannibal, who grabbed it and began to kiss his fingertips, loving. Will turned his head away from Greco, his lips red and kiss swollen,

"Kiss me," He demanded.

Hannibal obliged immediately, ducking his head to suck Greco's unfamiliar taste from Will's lips. Greco's hands massaged Will's thighs, his eagerness to touch the boy showing. His hand slipped between Will's legs to carefully touch his entrance with the pads of his fingers.

"You're in charge, aren't you, *gattino?*" Greco asked, pressing his fingers firm so that Will gasped against Hannibal's lips.

"Yes-," Will responded, pleased with the warm feeling the word brought, "Look in the dresser and find our lube if you want to touch me there," He went on.

Will was able to focus on Hannibal for a moment, soft moans leaving his throat as he rubbed their tongues together and fondling Hannibal's cock.

"Want you," Will muttered, touching Hannibal's lips.

Greco had found the lube and was placing himself between Will's legs before Hannibal could respond. Will was able to ignore him until cool fingers began to prod at his entrance, over slicked and fumbling.

"Help him," Will instructed, before letting go of Hannibal completely.

Hannibal nodded once and nudged Greco to the side, folding Will's legs at the knee. He spoke to Greco in Italian as he circled Will's wet hole, making the boy squirm. Hannibal used his thumbs to spread Will's cheeks, giving Greco the go to begin inching in his first finger. Will clenched and sighed, feeling Greco's finger slide in and move. He moaned for Hannibal, and felt it when Greco huffed.

"Do you like having us both?" Hannibal asked, sensual in nature.

"Yes," Will said, a little breathy.

Will was taking his pleasure from both men, one of which he would watch take his last breath. Greco would be somewhat content before he was murdered. The meat tasted different

if they were scared, and they often were. Not this time, though.

"Another," Will said, closing his eyes to them both and seeing blood.

Hannibal's let Greco alone so that he could kiss Will again, muttering things into his ear, about their hunt. It was so sweet to Will, and the boy humped the air and began to pant, wanting Hannibal inside of him.

"Will you be jealous if I let him inside?" Will asked to be difficult.

"Isn't letting him use you the idea?" Hannibal returned, reaching to stroke Will's erection.

Will inhaled through his nose and bit his lip, nodding despite himself. Greco's fingers were working deep inside of him, twisting and thrusting so that Will throbbed between his legs. He was flush and needed more, pushing whines into Hannibal's mouth, trying to reciprocate with fumbling fingers. Hannibal reached to guide his hand, closing them both around his own cock. Will's breath stuttered slightly,

"Enough?" Greco asked, and Will considered ignoring him in favor of sucking Hannibal's cock.

"Yeah," Will whispered, and then repeated the word so that Greco could hear.

Greco sighed and let his fingers slip free, the sound slick. Will felt the first press of Greco's cock at his entrance and wished that it were Hannibal instead. They could always just cut it short and kill him quickly. No, this had to be drawn out..

Will spread his legs wide and took Greco in deep, the slide a delicious burn. Will emitted a small whine and shifted, his hand still on Hannibal's cock. Hannibal noticed that Will was struggling and moved so that he could lean against the headboard. Will thumbed the head of Hannibal's cock, smearing precome. He opened his lips to take him in and lathed his tongue against the head.

Greco watched with glazed eyes, forgetting for a second the task at hand. He broke from the short stupor when Will squeezed around his cock and grinded himself down, trying to get him in deeper. Greco emitted a loud groan and  rubbed Will's hips before gripping them, rocking forward.

Will suckled on Hannibal's tip as he stroked the base, scared to take him into his throat while being hit into. Hannibal was patient, taking the teasing pleasure and threading his fingers through Will's fine hair.

Greco began a rhythm with his hips, though not quite like Hannibal's brusque movements in bed. Will was not used to the leisurely pace, and he whined lowly at the dissatisfying thrusts. He focused on Hannibal instead, who had been rocking forward slightly for a few moments. He peered up at him with his hazy eyes, an apology for the dissatisfaction on both of their ends.

Hannibal watched Greco thrust shallowly into Will with pursed lips. He resisted the rude urge to tell the man that Will could take him far deeper. He doubted that Greco could even get much deeper. He longed to take over and give Will what he so obviously needed. He could gut Greco and then lay Will over the blood, smear his chest with it as he pressed him into the mattress and made him ride his cock.

Greco's pace turned a bit sporadic, his hips rolling at a frantic pace until he came inside of Will. Will withheld a groan, and know that Hannibal would snuff Greco much quicker just for coming inside. The thought was comforting. Greco lazily slid out and Will was quick to flip onto his knees and take Hannibal into his mouth properly. The man hummed his approval and threaded his fingers through Will's hair, tilting his hips up and into the heat of Will's mouth.

Will moaned around Hannibal's cock, watching him through his sweaty curls as he sucked, taking him in deep to hear Hannibal sigh deeply. Greco watched, breathing heavily and tired. He would be easy to catch if he ran then, Will thought.

"Come on, we need to do this," Will retracted to speak, beginning to jerk Hannibal off in his hand.

Hannibal palmed Will's face, his breath coming hard through his nose. He was very close, and he had to lower his lids and pretend they were alone before he could come. He came in thick ropes in Will's hand, which Will licked at without a complaint. It smeared his chin.

Hannibal reached for Will's cock, but Will swatted him away,

"Get a knife," Will commanded in French, feeling irritated.

His cock was soft and a strange man's come leaked from his ass, he had reason to be irritated. However, this was what he had wanted and here it was. The sweet part was coming and Will longed for it. He watched Hannibal leave.

"Thank you.." Will said to Greco, touching his cheek softly.

"No problem, *gattino*. You two can call on me any time that you like." He said with a wink.

Will forced a smile and settled up behind the man with his arms around his middle, an embrace. Greco rubbed at Will's arms, feeling welcomed by the couple. Will exhaled when Hannibal returned, handsomely naked and brandishing a knife from the kitchen. Will snarled and snared a hand in Greco's hair like he had earlier, bearing his neck for Hannibal. Greco emitted a surprised noise and reached behind himself, catching Will's face with his nails.

Hannibal saw the faint red line on Will's cheek and was immediately on the bed, a quick slicing motion stealing Greco's life from him. He breathed heavily and watched the man die with a great satisfaction. Will let Greco slump forward, bleeding out on their bed. Hannibal moved to touch Will's face, frowning deeply.

"Tonight was disastrous," Hannibal muttered, tracing the fine cut with his thumb.

Will shrugged, "We'll make it better, won't we?"

"Yes."

---

Will hummed as he worked, elbow deep in blood as he clipped organs. He had cracked Greco's ribs to make room for more flowers, which he stuck inside of the man like a Monet landscape. They would set him up in the market place, where they had found him. They would get recognization for their art at last and they would be written and speculated about. Will could very hardly wait. He licked at his finger pads, and flashed Hannibal an excited grin.

"Don't think I won't do this to you too, should you die first." Will said, reaching for another flower.

"I would have it no other way," Hannibal responded, "Though, you aren't safe either, I'm afraid," He touched the back of Will's head gently.

"If I did die first, promise me you'll use me. Don't let me waste," Will paused his work, swallowing hard.

"I promise."

"Do you love me, doctor?"

The familiar question hung for a moment, and Hannibal felt a great tug at his heart for the boy.

"Dearly, my heart. And should one of us die, the other will immortalize them in flowers," Hannibal proclaimed, picking up one of Will's white blooms, faintly pink with blood.

"Sounds like poetry," Will commented fondly.

Hannibal couldn't help his smile. He watched Will work, with blood on his cheek and a grin on his face. His beloved patient, who overcame the most dreadful in order to engage him in an affair. Young and pliant, so eager to be with him. Hannibal wanted to give him everything. However, all Will needed was truly there. He wanted to make art with Hannibal and be with him for as long as he could.

Chapter End Notes

Okay one more thing: While I am contemplating keeping the series going, I am going to take a break in order to contribute more works to the fandom. So, look for that, if you want.
Thanks and ciao!!!

End Notes

My Tumblr, because maybe you're interested: @MilitaryReflexes

P.S, if you believe something should be tagged do not hesitate to tell me.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!